A STORY BY A. CONAN DOYLE. COMPLETE IN THIS NUMBER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXVII.—No. 1882.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1893.

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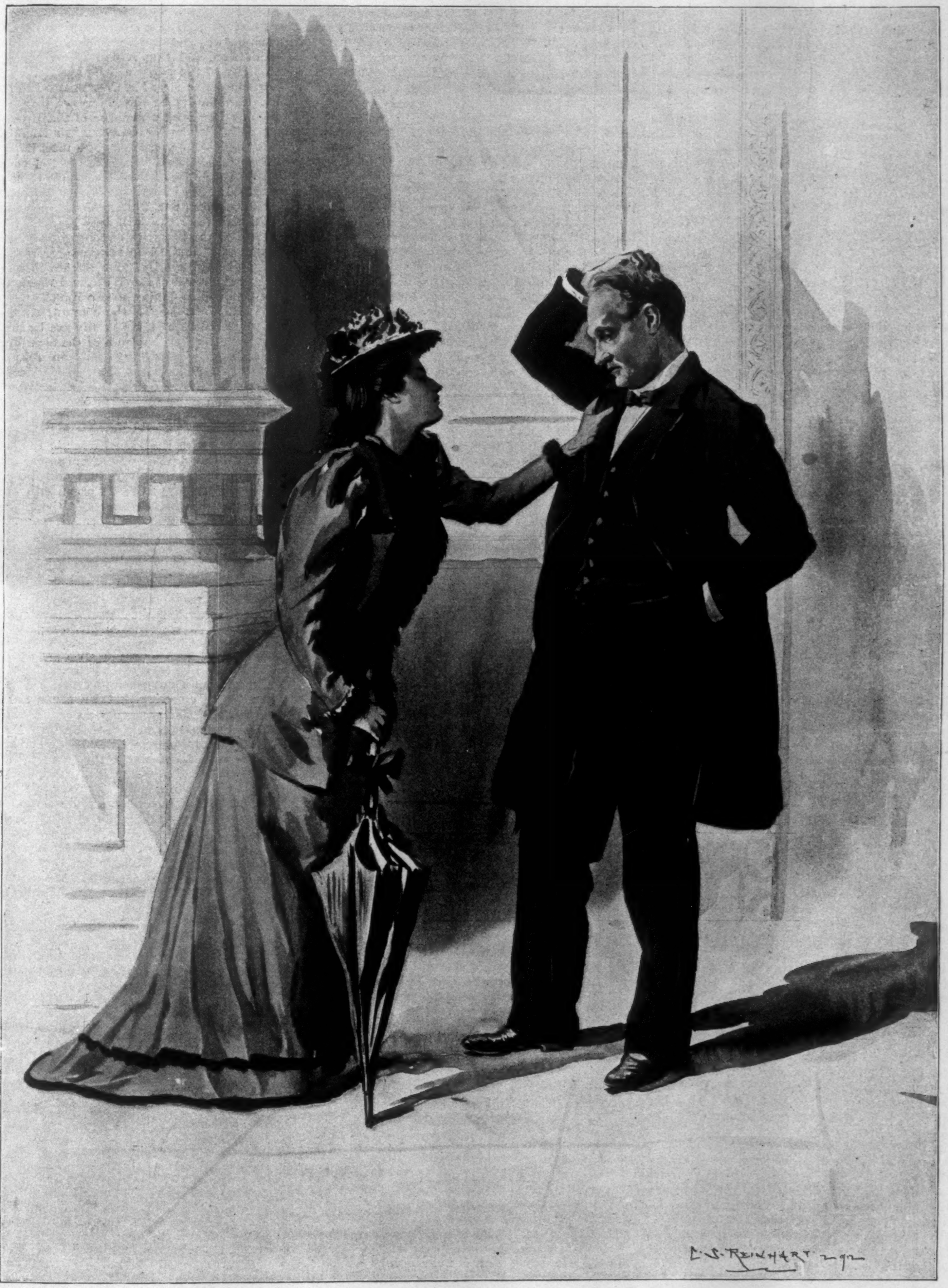


A FAIR PETITIONER—A SCENE AT THE CAPITOL.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 31.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(Twenty-Four Pages.)

PUBLISHED

New York City, January 14, 1893.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

VICTIMS OF THE SPOILS HUNT.

THE Democrats who were elected to Congress on the 8th of November last are at this moment a much to be pitied set of men. Most of them are suffering great distress of mind. It is not so much the tariff question that harasses them, nor the silver problem, nor any other matter of grave public concern, as it is the fact that the Democratic victory in the national election has called forth an innumerable host of Democratic patriots who insist upon serving their country as postmasters. And as with the development of the spoils system the custom has grown up in our government to give to the member of Congress belonging to the party in power the right of selecting and nominating men for the different Federal places, especially the post-offices, in his district, the eyes of all the aspirants are eagerly turned to him as the mighty dispenser of that which to the office-seeker is the most desirable boon on this earth. For it is a remarkable psychological phenomenon that public office, although it has in a great measure ceased to be the mark of honorable distinction it once was, still exercises upon many human souls a charm which nothing else possesses, and is coveted with an ardor and an intensity overshadowing almost all other human desires. Disappointment in the pursuit of office seems to have a peculiarly sharp sting, and the man who, to the office-seeker, appears responsible for that disappointment is but seldom forgiven. This is the sad lot of the member of Congress, who of the many applicants for each post-office in his district can choose only one, and who in choosing that one has to consider not merely the advantages of the gratitude he wins from the favored individual, but still more the possible dangers arising from the many grievances he creates.

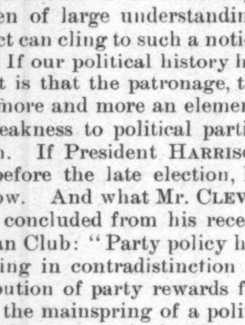
The stories that are reaching us through the public papers of the troubles and perplexities tormenting the unfortunate members of Congress, and of their wails of distress, are at the same time ludicrous and melancholy. Here is a statesman loudly complaining that his daily mail has grown to an enormous size, and that he has hardly time to read all the applications for office, and the recommendations and the remonstrances. There is another so overrun by office-hunters and their friends, coming singly or in "delegations," that he can find no time for his meals during the day nor for sleep during the night. There is a third who would be glad to devote some time to preparation for his legislative work, but to whom his office-seeking constituents leave not a moment's rest. There is a fourth, living in a Western State, who has actually found it necessary to "go East," and to conceal his temporary place of abode, in order to escape from the importunities of his "friends," who now demand the reward for the support they have given him and the party. There is a fifth who has tried to relieve himself by announcing, shortly after the election, all the selections he has made, thus warning off all others, but who is now overwhelmed with protests from the disappointed and their friends, and with remonstrances from local leaders who "have not been consulted." And so on.

All these statesmen now bemoan their hard lot, and sigh for some means of relief. And yet many, if not most of them, will resent it as an encroachment upon their dignity and their traditional rights when a simple and obvious method of relief is suggested to them. The fact is that members of Congress, in claiming it as their right or considering it as their duty to designate men for the offices in their districts, are, without any constitutional warrant whatever, arrogating to themselves what is the business of the executive branch of the government. That a member of Congress should take an interest in the working of the official machinery in his district is natural and proper enough; but he should do this only to the extent of seeing to it, as far as he can, that his constituency receive the service to which they are entitled. His responsibility in this respect is that of a watcher, a censor, and of a legislator, as existing evils may be remedied or improvements effected by legislation. For the practical conduct of the service the executive branch of the government is responsible, and appointments to, as well as removals from, office belong to the range of executive function. The member of Congress by claiming the right to demand, or virtually to *make* removals and appointments, relieves the executive department of a part of that responsibility which it should bear alone, and thus *usurps* a power, the exercise of which then becomes the source of his woes.

If the member of Congress wishes to be rid of the torments he now bewails, all he has to do is to stop this usurpation. Congress has only to recognize the fact that its members are simply legislators and nothing else; that as legislators they have as much to do as they can do to perform their whole duty, and that to arrogate to themselves the exercise of functions clearly executive is a violation of the spirit of the Constitution and a perversion of their trust. As soon as this is generally understood the trouble will be at an end. Members of Congress are therefore themselves to blame for their sufferings. Let it not be said that their interference with removals and appointments is necessary because it is from them only that the executive can get trustworthy information upon which to act. This is a mere subterfuge. All that is required to enable the executive to act intelligently is to give it time to act, and the means to gather information. It will have time to act as soon as we stop the scandalous custom of making general changes in office with every change of the party in power, and thus reduce the number of vacancies to be filled to those occurring by death, resignation, disability, or misconduct. It will get the means to gather information by the general introduction of such a system as is provided for in Mr. **Andrew**'s bill concerning the appointment of fourth-class postmasters—a measure which should be called "a bill for the gradual emancipation of Congressmen."

The trouble is that there are so many members of Congress who depend upon the patronage to sustain them in public life. That small politicians of poor ability and mean ambition should do so is intelligible. But how public men of large understanding, experience, and self-respect can cling to such a notion we can hardly conceive. If our political history has demonstrated anything, it is that the patronage, the larger it grows, becomes more and more an element, not of strength, but of weakness to political parties as well as to public men. If President **Harrison** did not appreciate this before the late election, he certainly appreciates it now. And what Mr. **Cleveland** thinks of it may be concluded from his recent utterance at the Manhattan Club: "Party policy has become the important thing in contradistinction to party spoils. The distribution of party rewards for party action is no longer the mainspring of a political campaign. No party, I care not whether Democratic or Republican, can get the support of the mass of voters by merely promising party rewards for party supremacy. The whole people will be satisfied with nothing less than the redemption of the sacred pledges made to them collectively—the administration of wise policies, and the carrying on of an honest government."

THE SPEAKERSHIP.



SPEAKER CRISP.

If Mr. **Cleveland**'s administration is to accomplish all the good that is expected of it, the relations between the executive and the legislative branches of the government must be harmonious. The House of Representatives at least ought to be in accord with the President. The Senate is in doubt, for although the Republicans will be in a minority, it is far from certain that the Democrats will be in control. The Populists and Farmers' Alliance Senators may hold the balance of power. This would enable the Senate to be organized in accordance with Mr. **Cleveland**'s tariff views, but not in sympathy with his opinions on currency and some other important questions.

So far as regards its executive functions, the Senate is not likely to be fatally obstructive to the President. If Mr. **Murphy** should be elected, it may be troublesome, but actual defeat of Mr. **Cleveland**'s main purposes is not within the range of probability. The organization of the Senate is not so vital as that of the House, for the most important legislation will be necessarily initiated in the latter body, as it will relate to the financial condition and needs of the country. If that legislation should be framed by the best and strongest Democrats in the House, the Senate cannot resist it when it goes over for its consideration.

The most important initial matter, then, at the beginning of the administration is the organization of the House of Representatives. The New York "machine" is on trial in the Senatorship contest, but the representative Democrats of the whole country will be on trial in the Speakership contest. It is thoroughly well understood that the organization of this State is not in sympathy with Mr. **Cleveland** in his purposes, and it is not absolutely known that the Democratic party was sincere in making Mr. **Cleveland** its candidate. It may have named him because it recognized and yielded to the force of public opinion, or it may have determined to adopt as its own the kind of politics in which the President-elect believes, and which he practises after a manner that greatly distinguishes him from most other public men of his time.

If the Democratic party was sincere at Chicago, if it named Mr. **Cleveland** as its candidate not only in order to succeed in November, but to carry out the policies that Mr. **Cleveland** represents, then the House will be organized in such a manner as to promote those policies, and for this reason the Speakership becomes of the utmost importance.

It may not follow that Mr. **Crisp**'s re-election to the Speakership will necessarily mean an organization of the House that will be unfriendly to the administration, or that will be weak like the present organization, or that will continue the punishment inflicted by the Speaker on the leading men who voted for Mr. **Mills**. It may be that Mr. **Crisp**'s re-election will indicate a strong and harmonious organization, and that it will be an evidence of the sincerity of the party which gave to the country the opportunity to elect Mr. **Cleveland** President.

It can hardly be said, however, that Mr. **Crisp** is the one Democratic member of the House of Representatives whom Mr. **Cleveland**'s friends would select for the Speakership. The most important duty of the Speaker is the construction of committees of such a character that the House will be as efficient as its *personnel* will permit, not only in the transaction of its business, but in the transaction of its business in the manner that will best promote the purposes and fulfil the promises of the majority. When Mr. **Crisp** was chosen Speaker he performed this duty most unsatisfactorily. He refused to reappoint Mr. **Mills** chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. He declined to name the two **Breckinridges** or Mr. **Bynum** as members of the committee. He departed from precedent by taking away the leadership of the House from the chairman of the committee, and bestowing it upon Mr. **Catchings**, an unknown and, as it turned out, an unfit man. He placed upon the Ways and Means Committee, in the place of experienced men of recognized ability, old men who had established no place for themselves in the House and new men who had never indicated the possession of any aptness for the special work of the leading committee, whose jurisdiction extends over all questions relating to taxation, revenues, and the public debt. What is true of Mr. **Crisp**'s organization of the Ways and Means Committee is true, although in a less degree perhaps, of other of the more important committees.

If Mr. **Crisp** can remedy the error that he committed at the beginning of the present Congress, discard the unworthy and unfit men whom he then put in control of legislation, and organize the House in such a manner that it will be an efficient and sympathetic ally of the Executive, the friends of Mr. **Cleveland** can well afford, in the interest of peace, and for the prevention of friction that may be disastrous, to re-elect the Speaker, and to thus maintain an almost unbroken precedent. It is almost impossible to conceive that Mr. **Crisp** can assure the earnest and sincere men who are determined to do all in their power to give to Mr. **Cleveland** the co-operation of Congress, that he can and will satisfy the first condition that will command their support. Nevertheless, Mr. **Crisp** is making the attempt to accomplish this seemingly impossible task, and the friends of the incoming administration are apparently willing to give him a chance. If he does not succeed, it will be their duty—a duty which will doubtless be performed—to select one of their own number, like Mr. W. L. **Wilson**, as their candidate for the Speakership. And if such a candidate should be named, he would probably be elected Speaker.

BETTER ROADS IN NEW YORK.

In his message to the State Legislature Governor **Flower** devotes considerable space to the subject of the betterment of the common roads, and he writes with the directness to be expected from a practical man of affairs. He recommends that the principal roads in each county be macadamized as soon as practicable, and suggests that a general law be passed so that each county can do this without materially adding to the burden of taxation. Several years ago Governor **Hill** recommended the passage of a law under which the State should build and maintain roads across each county in the State. Governor **Hill** appears to have realized several facts that have escaped Governor **Flower**. The people in the country are not fully aware of the badness of the roads, and of the heavy tax that bad roads entail. And they are generally ignorant on the subject of road-building. In other words, they do not know how badly they need good roads; and if they were aware of this, they would not know how to build better roads than the miserable highways that now impede the commerce of the interior. Mr. **Hill** argued that good State roads through each county would serve as object-lessons to the people, teaching them at once the value of good highways, and how to build and maintain them. The suggestions of Governor **Hill** were embodied in a bill by Senator Richardson, and this bill was before the last Legislature. Mr. Richardson has announced that he will press the bill at this session, and it is to be hoped, for many reasons, that it will be passed, and be approved by the Executive.

It may be that Governor Flower in his message serves notice that he will not approve the Richardson bill if passed, but prefers another measure, by which each county and neighborhood must in this regard work out their own salvation, for he says, "The Legislature cannot make better roads, but it can remove any obstructions to road-improvement which exist in the laws." This statement is only partly true. From the beginning of communal government in this country the roads have suffered more seriously and directly than anything else, and Professor Shaler has expressed the opinion that our communal system breaks down utterly in this matter of the administration of the roads. Washington saw how this would be in the beginning, and he wrote to Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia, earnestly recommending that the administration of the roads be taken away from the county courts. But the opening of new roads and their location and building have remained in the control of the county authorities in all of the States, and the existing laws and customs have been the outgrowth of that early mistake. If it were true that the purely local authorities were more enlightened now as to the value of good roads, and more skilful in building them, than they were several generations ago, it might be that merely to pass a general law that would enable each county that chose so to do to improve its own roads would be all that is needed. But we doubt whether such a law would go far enough, for we doubt whether many counties would take advantage of it.

In New Jersey, at the request of the people of Union and Essex counties, a kind of local-option road law was passed. So far Union and Essex counties have been the only two to take advantage of the law. In those counties the roads have been improved, and the people rejoice in an unaccustomed prosperity. But the other counties have just as bad roads as formerly, and each spring and autumn the half-loaded wagons of the country people are laboriously dragged through hub-deep mud and mire. To build roads for people who will not build them for themselves may savor of paternalism, and seem objectionable to those who carry the old doctrine of State's rights to its logical conclusion, and think that each individual should make laws for himself, without regard to the interests of others. But even to such as these the building of State roads by general taxation should be robbed of its objections by the fact that the country people are not alone in interest. These roads lead through agricultural districts from town to town and city to city, and these urban people are just as much interested in good roads as the farmers. In England the betterment of the roads was retarded for several generations because the farmers were asked to maintain highways that led from one prosperous town to another. In this country we are today very much in the same condition that England was a century and a half ago, and Governor Flower's suggestions do not seem to lead us away from that condition, The betterment of the great highways of interior communication is a matter of general concern, and should be accomplished through a general or State tax. The roads that are purely local should be left to the local authorities, who, once having seen the advantages of good roads, and learned how to make and maintain them, may be depended on to reform the present inefficient and costly methods.

HOW TO CURE BETTING AT YALE.

THE Congregational clergymen of New Haven, always solicitous for the welfare of Yale College, have recently united in a letter to the Yale faculty asking that body to take steps for the suppression of betting and gambling at the university, especially in connection with college athletics. The faculty is thinking about it, and President Dwight has replied to the ministers that if any feasible plan can be devised, action will follow. The correspondence has not been published in full, but it is understood that the clergymen expressed confidence that by "special measures" the faculty could greatly diminish the betting propensity, if not stamp it out altogether. What particular special measures, if any, they had in mind continues to be a matter of speculation. If there were some, the faculty seems not to have accepted them immediately as feasible.

Betting in or out of college is a hard matter to control, and many cures have been devised for it without extirpating the malady. Men bet for three principal reasons—to gain the usufruct of other men's money, to emphasize their opinions, and for the excitement of it. All these inducements appeal to the average college boy. He always needs somebody's money, and is only too happy when he can arrange to have his necessities relieved without expense to his self-sacrificing parents. His opinions almost always need to be emphasized, and he is young and does not mind the wear and tear of speculative excitement. He is under even more strenuous temptation to bet than if he were grown up, and of course his powers of resistance are uncultivated and comparatively feeble. It is no wonder that he bets; he does not think it wrong. When he wins, he has spoiled the enemy; when he loses, he comforts himself with the assurance that he has backed his own college anyway, and that he will get his money back next year. Thus buttressed by specious sentiment, he is hard to control. He is too old to be spanked, and if the faculty merely forbids him to bet, the probability is that he will laugh at the faculty, and possibly send a district messenger to the President's house to inquire what odds he is getting.

Nevertheless, there is a way to do it. Faculties generally, and the Yale faculty in particular, have discovered that the way to control the undergraduate is through his affections. They are strong, and they are centred upon athletics. Such misdemeanors as he commits are effectually punished by the restriction of the athletic privileges of his class, and misdemeanors that he has not yet committed are easily averted by threats of restriction. The application of this principle to betting in connection with athletics is for the faculty to say to the undergraduate: "You bet too much, and too conspicuously. Too much money changes hands in plain sight at every ball game and boat-race and football match. We will have you know that we do not run this college for purposes of speculation. This is what we will do: Unless you abate these reprehensible practices we will discharge every coach you have. Mr. Cook shall no longer supervise your crews, nor Mr. Camp give your football players points. In short, we will endeavor to put you in such a case that the Congregational ministers of New Haven may be as little vexed by your wagerings as the clergy of Cambridge are by the betting of the young men at Harvard."

That is the Yale faculty's effectual remedy for betting on athletics. Individual bettors cannot well be punished; but if the Yale coaches are turned off, the undergraduates will not bet enough to hurt them, either in their principles or in their pockets. If one year's experience does not cure them, give them more. A four years' course of backing uncoached crews and teams should give the most adventurous bettor a lesson that would last him all his life-long, and be serviceable to him in any business.

MARRIAGES BY ALDERMEN.

THERE is a strong general impression abroad that there is no nonsense about the Board of Aldermen. By "nonsense" is meant sentimentality, imagination, lack of practical ideas. The popular theory, rooted and grounded in experience of past years, is that the Aldermen of New York believe in conducting their work on strictly business principles, a thesis differing more in spirit than letter from the theories of certain "reformers" whom the Aldermen affect to despise.

An occurrence at a recent meeting of the board goes to confirm this popular impression, to the extent, at least, of demonstrating that there is no nonsense about ex-Alderman O'Beirne. That practical man proposed in the board a resolution to petition the Legislature to relieve Aldermen from the duty of performing the marriage ceremony. He adduced as a reason his belief that the people who get married by Aldermen do not approach the municipal Temple of Hymen in a proper frame of mind, and that they are not fit to enter the estate of matrimony. Therefore he, for one, did not wish to be burdened any longer with the responsibility of joining together ladies and gentlemen under these unhappy conditions. Alderman O'Beirne did not condescend to explain himself any further. In the absence of such explanation we must look to the facts and draw our own inferences.

Aldermen are not often called upon to marry people elsewhere than in the City Hall, and the great majority of the eager couples who haste to the wedding in that historic, if dingy, edifice are Italians of humblest station. The spectacle of a brown little bride bashfully faring thither, in all her finery of white veil and gay-colored frock, along with an excitable young Tuscan, who usually smokes a cigar to aid him in appearing unconcerned, is familiar to everybody whose ways lead him about the City Hall Park. These blithe young persons go to be married by the Mayor, but that administrative officer is usually too busy administering in general to find time to administer matrimony to his postulants, unless they be of high degree and come in a cab, as the Duchess of Marlborough did. So it comes about that they are turned over to an Alderman. The tendency of Italians to marry, like the "language" once reported by Truthful James, is "frequent and painful and free"; and inasmuch as the marriage fee allowed by statute is not large, and there is great difficulty in getting proper answers to the necessary questions, owing to the unfamiliarity of both brides and bridegrooms with the English language as she is spoke in the City Hall, the practical Alderman easily comes to the conclusion that the game is not worth the candle.

It is pleasing to learn that not all Aldermen are so dead to the romanticism of their profession. Mr. Alderman Flynn, heartily hailed as "Sojer" by his friends, is said to perform seventy-five per cent. of all the marriages in the City Hall, and he did not favor Alderman O'Beirne's resolution. The poetry of the situation appealed to the Flynn, while the O'Beirne sulked in his chair. The great heart and compassionate mind of Alderman Flynn, specially active heretofore in defending the fortunes of the down-trodden crews of coal-boats, have long been famous in the board of which he is so consecutive, consistent, and conscientious a member. As the high priest of Hymen in the board, he had surely the right to speak for himself and his colleagues rather than Alderman O'Beirne, who had had shorter experience, and did not enter at all into the festive spirit of these nuptial occasions.

It is meet and right for Aldermen to preserve all the landmarks, and hold fast to their ancient traditions and prerogatives. If any Alderman wishes to get an act passed by the Legislature relieving him individually from this part of his Aldermanic duties, perhaps nobody will object. But O'Beirne's proposition is unbearable, even from his own stand-point. For although it is doubtless the outcome of the working of his practical mind, yet it plainly traverses the grand old Aldermanic principle never to give up anything that goes with the office, but rather to seek constantly to aggrandize its rights and emoluments. Every now and then we hear an Alderman complaining because the board is shorn of pristine glory. Here was an Alderman who would pull down another watch-tower of his own accord. It is to be hoped that his resolution will be suffered to lapse into the limbo of the mistakes of 1892. But should any one persist in bringing it up again, he should be investigated, and Alderman Flynn ought to be chairman of the investigating committee.

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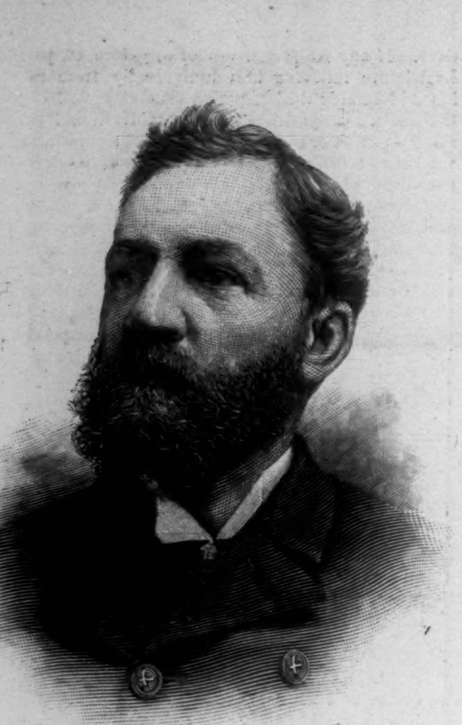


CAPTAIN McKAY, OF THE "UMBRIA."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK.

THE "UMBRIA'S" LONG VOYAGE.

THE steamship *Umbria*, of the Cunard Line, finished on the morning of the last day of the year the longest and most exciting voyage in her history. Many of her passengers had shipped on her in the confident hope that they would spend Christmas day at home, and participate with their families in the festivities of that much-cherished holiday-time. When the ship did not arrive two or three days after Christmas, and no news was received of her, there was much public anxiety felt for her welfare, and those who had friends and relatives aboard were more than anxious, for the *Umbria* has only missed once in the last two years landing her passengers on Saturday.

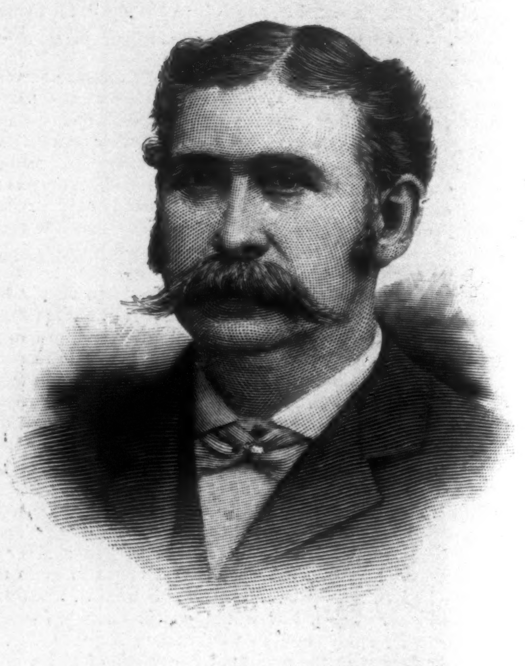
The *Umbria* steamed out of Queenstown Harbor and passed Fastnet Light on her trip here at 5.20 on the afternoon of December 18th. The weather was murky, but there was a fresh breeze, and up to noon of the next day she had steamed 405 miles. Heavy weather was encountered, with frequent hail and snow squalls for the next four days. On the afternoon of December 23d, in latitude 43° 48′ and longitude 57° 17′, or about 125 miles due east of Sable Island, an accident happened to the shaft of the *Umbria*, the mending of which has made Chief Engineer Tomlinson famous. In three days he repaired the shaft, and succeeded in bringing the disabled ship into port on slow speed without outside help. A description of the nature of this break and how it was mended is printed, with explanatory cuts, on page 46 of this paper.

No unusual noise attended the cracking of the shaft, and nobody except the engineer and his assistants knew what had happened, until Captain McKay reported to the gentlemen in the smoking-room the cause of the delay. While the engineer was trying to mend the shaft, the Hamburg-American steamship *Bohemia*, eastward bound, came pitching through the seas, and Captain McKay signalled to her for assistance. After much difficulty a steel towing-hawser was dragged aboard the Hamburg ship and made fast. The *Bohemia* turned to the westward in the teeth of a storm with the Cunarder in tow. The snow was so thick at times that the *Bohemia* was almost invisible from the *Umbria's* bridge. At a quarter before eleven on the night of Christmas eve the hawser snapped, and the *Bohemia* disappeared in the night and the storm. The *Bohemia* had towed the *Umbria* thirty-six miles towards New York. Christmas day the *Umbria* drifted about in a disabled condition, throwing oil on the water and putting out three sea-anchors to steady her. That night the *Galileo*, of the Wilson Line, exchanged signals with the *Umbria*. At noon the next day the tank-steamer *Ocean* passed to the westward.

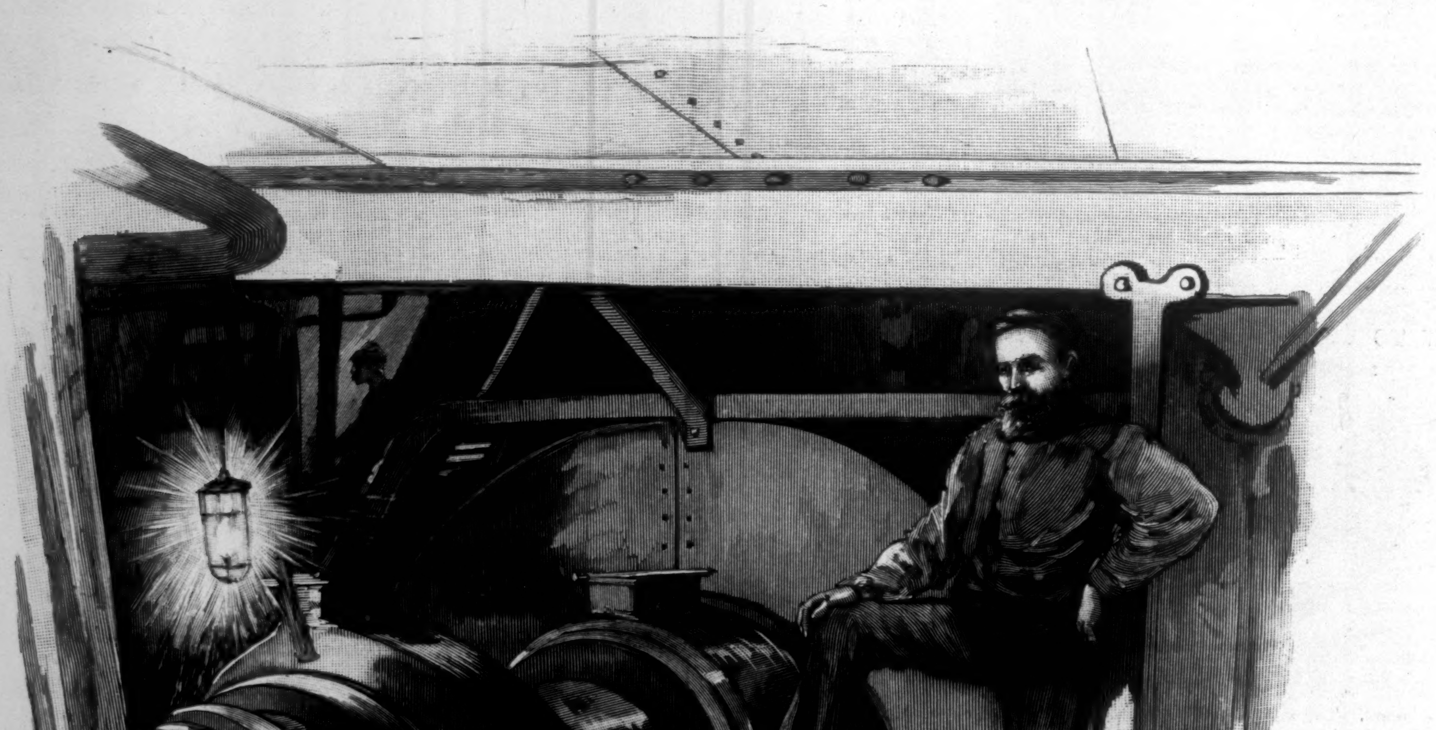
Later on the big freight-steamer *Manhasset* came in sight, and delayed for something more than an hour, during which time the *Manhasset* learned what was wrong with the *Umbria*. Before anything was done towards going to the assistance of the disabled Cunarder, her sister ship, the *Gallia*, New York to Liverpool, was sighted. Then the *Umbria* signalled to the *Manhasset* to go ahead. The *Gallia* slackened up and exchanged signals with the *Umbria*. What those signals were is only known to the officers of the ships and of the Cunard company. Passengers aboard the *Umbria* were astonished to see the *Gallia* sail on to the east, instead of waiting until the next day to learn the result of the experiment on the shaft.

Among the passengers on the *Umbria* there were a few who were somewhat alarmed at the situation, but the great majority were content in the belief that the captain was one of the best navigators afloat, as well as a cool and experienced officer, and would do all that could be done for the best interests of his ship.

Meanwhile the anxiety of the people on shore was allayed by the arrival of the *Manhasset*, whose captain reported her meeting with the *Umbria*, and testified to the disabled ship's ability to cope with all dangers. The *Galileo* came in next, and brought further reports which eased many hearts. The *Umbria*, after parting with the *Bohemia*, drifted back to about the place where the *Bohemia* had picked her up. There the shaft was repaired, and she slowly made her way into port about midnight, December 30th. The anxious observer at Fire Island sighted the belated ship as she was creeping in. Instantly the news was sent to the mainland, and the good tidings communicated to all who had friends or relatives aboard. On Saturday morning she passed the Narrows, and came up the bay, reaching her pier about ten o'clock, where an immense crowd awaited her, greeting her arrival with cheers of joy.



LAWRENCE TOMLINSON, CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE "UMBRIA."



THE SHAFT OF THE "UMBRIA."—DRAWN BY OLIVER HERFORD, ONE OF THE PASSENGERS.

AN UP-HILL RACE AT THE ROOSEVELT STREET FERRY.—DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE CARD-BOARD BOX.

IN choosing a few typical cases which illustrate the remarkable mental qualities of my friend Sherlock Holmes, I have endeavored, as far as possible, to select those which presented the minimum of sensationalism, while offering a fair field for his talents. It is, however, unfortunately, impossible to entirely separate the sensational from the criminal, and a chronicler is left in the dilemma that he must either sacrifice details, which are essential to his statement, and so give a false impression of the problem, or he must use matter which chance, and not choice, has provided him with. With this short preface I shall turn to my notes of what proved to be a strange, though a peculiarly terrible, chain of events.

It was a blazing hot day in August. Baker Street was like an oven, and the glare of the sunlight upon the yellow brick-work of the houses across the road was painful to the eye. It was hard to believe that these were the same walls which loomed so gloomily through the fogs of winter. Our blinds were half-drawn, and Holmes lay curled upon the sofa, reading and re-reading a letter which he had received by the morning post. For myself, my term of service in India had trained me to stand heat better than cold, and a thermometer at ninety was no hardship. But the morning paper was uninteresting. Parliament had risen. Everybody was out of town, and I yearned for the glades of the New Forest or the shingle of Southsea. A depleted bank account had caused me to postpone my holiday, and as to my companion, neither the country nor the sea presented the slightest attraction to him. He loved to lie in the very centre of five millions of people, with his filaments stretching out and running through them, responsive to every little rumor or suspicion of unsolved crime. Appreciation of nature found no place among his many gifts, and his only change was when he turned his mind from the evil-doer of the town to track down his brother of the country.

Finding that Holmes was too absorbed for conversation, I had tossed aside the barren paper, and leaning back in my chair, I fell into a brown-study. Suddenly my companion's voice broke in upon my thoughts.

"You are right, Watson," said he. "It does seem a most preposterous way of settling a dispute."

"Most preposterous!" I exclaimed; and then, suddenly realizing how he had echoed the inmost thought of my soul, I sat up in my chair and stared at him in blank amazement.

"What is this, Holmes?" I cried. "This is beyond anything which I could have imagined."

He laughed heartily at my perplexity.

"You remember," said he, "that some little time ago, when I read you the passage in one of Poe's sketches in which a close reasoner follows the unspoken thoughts of his companion, you were inclined to treat the matter as a mere *tour de force* of the author. On my remarking that I was constantly in the habit of doing the same thing, you expressed incredulity."

"Oh, no!"

"Perhaps not with your tongue, my dear Watson, but certainly with your eyebrows. So when I saw you throw down your paper and enter upon a train of thought, I was very happy to have the opportunity of reading it off, and eventually of breaking into it, as a proof that I had been in rapport with you."

But I was still far from satisfied. "In the example which you read to me," said I, "the reasoner drew his conclusions from the actions of the man whom he observed. If I remember right, he stumbled over a heap of stones, looked up at the stars, and so on. But I have been seated quietly in my chair, and what clews can I have given you?"

"You do yourself an injustice. The features are given to man as the means by which he shall express his emotions, and yours are faithful servants."

"Do you mean to say that you read my train of thoughts from my features?"

"Your features, and especially your eyes. Perhaps you cannot yourself recall how your reverie commenced?"

"No, I cannot."

"Then I will tell you. After throwing down your paper, which was the action which drew my attention to you, you sat for half a minute with a vacant expression. Then your eyes fixed themselves upon your newly framed picture of General Gordon, and I saw by the alteration in your face that a train of thought had been started. But it did not lead very far. Your eyes flashed across to the unframed portrait of Henry Ward Beecher which stands upon the top of your books. You then glanced up at the wall, and, of course, your meaning was obvious. You were thinking that if the portrait were framed, it would just cover that bare space, and correspond with Gordon's picture over there."

"You have followed me wonderfully!" I exclaimed.

"So far I could hardly have gone astray. But now your thoughts went back to Beecher, and you looked hard across as if you were studying the character in his features. Then your eyes ceased to pucker, but you continued to look across, and your face was thoughtful. You were recalling the incidents of Beecher's career. I was well aware that you could not do this without thinking of the mission which he undertook on behalf of the North at the time of the civil war, for I remember your expressing your passionate indignation at the way in which he was received by the more turbulent of our people. You felt so strongly about it that I knew you could not think of Beecher without thinking of that also. When, a moment later, I saw your eyes wander away from the picture, I suspected that your mind had now turned to the civil war, and when I observed that your lips set, your eyes sparkled, and your hands clinched, I was positive that you were indeed thinking of the gallantry which was shown by both sides in that desperate struggle. But then, again, your face grew sadder; you shook your head. You were dwelling upon the sadness and horror and useless waste of life. Your hand stole towards your own old wound and a smile quivered on your lips, which showed me that the ridiculous side of this method of settling international questions had forced itself upon your mind. At this point I agreed with you that it was preposterous, and was glad to find that all my deductions had been correct."

"Absolutely," said I. "And now that you have explained it, I confess that I am as amazed as before."

"It was very superficial, my dear Watson, I assure you. I should not have intruded it upon your attention had you not shown some incredulity the other day. But I have in my hands here a little problem which may prove to be more difficult of solution than my small essay in thought-reading. Have you observed in the paper a short paragraph referring to the remarkable contents of a packet sent through the post to Miss Susan Cushing, of Cross Street, Croydon?"

"No; I saw nothing."

"Miss Susan Cushing, living at Cross Street, Croydon, has been made the victim of what must be regarded as a peculiarly revolting practical joke, unless some more sinister meaning should prove to be attached to the incident. At two o'clock yesterday afternoon a small packet, wrapped in brown paper, was handed in by the postman. A card-board box was inside, which was filled with coarse salt. On emptying this, Miss Cushing was horrified to find two human ears, apparently quite freshly severed. The box had been sent by parcel post from Belfast upon the morning before. There is no indication as to the sender, and the matter is the more mysterious as Miss Cushing, who is a maiden lady of fifty, has led a most retired life, and has so few acquaintances or correspondents that it is a rare event for her to receive anything through the post. Some years ago, however, when she resided at Penge, she let apartments in her house to three young medical students, whom she was obliged to get rid of on account of their noisy and irregular habits. The police are of opinion that this outrage may have been perpetrated upon Miss Cushing by these youths who owed her a grudge, and who hoped to frighten her by sending her these relics of the dissecting-rooms. Some probability is lent to the theory by the fact that one of these students came from the north of Ireland, and, to the best of Miss Cushing's belief, from Belfast. In the meantime the matter is being actively investigated, Mr. Lestrade, one of the very smartest of our detective officers, being in charge of the case."

"So much for the *Daily Chronicle*," said Holmes, as I finished reading. "Now for our friend Lestrade. I had a note from him this morning, in which he says: 'I think that this case is very much in your line. We have every hope of clearing the matter up, but we find a little difficulty in getting anything to work upon. We have, of course, wired to the Belfast post-office, but a large number of parcels were handed in upon that day, and they have no means of identifying this particular one, or of remembering the sender. The box is a half-pound box of honeydew tobacco, and does not help us in any way. The medical student theory still appears to me to be the most feasible, but if you should have a few hours to spare, I should be very happy to see you out here. I shall be either at the house or in the police station all day.' What say you, Watson? Can you rise superior to the heat, and run down to Croydon with me on the off chance of a case for your annals?"

"I was longing for something to do."

"You shall have it, then. Ring for our boots, and tell them to order a cab. I'll be back in a moment, when I have changed my dressing-gown and filled my cigar-case."

A shower of rain fell while we were in the train, and the heat was far less oppressive in Croydon than in town. Holmes had sent on a wire, so that Lestrade, as wiry, as dapper, and as ferretlike as ever, was waiting for us at the station. A walk of five minutes took us to Cross Street, where Miss Cushing resided.

It was a very long street of two-story brick houses, neat and prim, with whitened stone steps and little groups of aproned women gossiping at the doors. Half-way down, Lestrade stopped and tapped at a door, which was opened by a small servant-girl. Miss Cushing was sitting in the front room, into which we were ushered. She was a placid-faced woman with large, gentle eyes, and grizzled hair curving down over her temples on each side. A worked antimacassar lay upon her lap, and a basket of colored silks stood upon a stool beside her.

"They are in the out-house, those dreadful things," said she, as Lestrade entered. "I wish that you would take them away altogether."

"So I shall, Miss Cushing. I only kept them here until my friend Mr. Holmes should have seen them in your presence."

"Why in my presence, sir?"

"In case he wished to ask any questions."

"What is the use of asking me questions, when I tell you that I know nothing whatever about it?"

"Quite so, madam," said Holmes, in his soothing way. "I have no doubt that you have been annoyed more than enough already over this business."

"Indeed I have, sir. I am a quiet woman and live a retired life. It is something new for me to see my name in the papers and to find the police in my house. I won't have those things in here, Mr. Lestrade. If you wish to see them you must go to the out-house."

It was a small shed in the narrow garden which ran down behind the house. Lestrade went in and brought out a yellow card-board box, with a piece of brown paper and some string. There was a bench at the edge of the path, and we all sat down while Holmes examined, one by one, the articles which Lestrade handed to him.

"The string is exceedingly interesting," he remarked, holding it up to the light and sniffing at it. "What do you make of this string, Lestrade?"

"It has been tarred."

"Precisely. It is a piece of tarred twine. You have also, no doubt, remarked that Miss Cushing has cut the cord with a scissors, as can be seen by the double fray on each side. This is of importance."

"I cannot see the importance," said Lestrade.

"The importance lies in the fact that the knot is left intact, and that this knot is of a peculiar character."

"It is very neatly tied. I had already made a note to that effect," said Lestrade, complacently.

"So much for the string then," said Holmes, smiling; "now for the box wrapper. Brown paper, with a distinct smell of coffee. What, you did not observe it? I think there can be no doubt of it. Address printed in rather straggling characters: 'Miss S. Cushing, Cross Street, Croydon.' Done with a broad pointed pen, probably a J, and with very inferior ink. The word Croydon has been spelt originally with an i, which has been changed to y. The parcel was directed then by a man—the printing is distinctly masculine—of limited education and unacquainted with the town of Croydon. So far, so good! The box is a yellow, half-pound honeydew box, with nothing distinctive save two thumb-marks at the left bottom corner. It is filled with rough salt of the quality used for preserving hides and other of the coarser commercial purposes. And embedded in it are these very singular inclosures."

He took out the two ears as he spoke, and laying a board across his knees, he examined them minutely, while Lestrade and I, bending forward on each side of him, glanced alternately at these dreadful relics and at the thoughtful, eager face of our companion. Finally he returned them to the box once more, and sat for a while in deep thought.

"You have observed, of course," said he at last, "that the ears are not a pair."

"Yes, I have noticed that. But if this were the practical joke of some students from the dissecting-rooms, it would be as easy for them to send two odd ears as a pair."

"Precisely. But this is not a practical joke."

"You are sure of it?"

"The presumption is strongly against it. Bodies in the dissecting-rooms are injected with preservative fluid. These ears bear no signs of this. They are fresh, too. They have been cut off with a blunt instrument, which would hardly happen if a student had done it. Again, carbolic or rectified spirits would be the preservatives which would suggest themselves to the medical mind, certainly not rough salt. I repeat that there is no practical joke here, but that we are investigating a serious crime."

A vague thrill ran through me as I listened to my companion's words and saw the stern gravity which had hardened his features. This brutal preliminary seemed to shadow forth some strange and inexplicable horror in the background. Lestrade, however, shook his head like a man who is only half convinced.

"There are objections to the joke theory, no doubt," said he; "but there are much stronger reasons against the other. We know that this woman has led a most quiet and respectable life at Penge and here for the last twenty years. She has hardly been away from her home for a day during that time. Why on earth, then, should any criminal send her the proofs of his guilt, especially as, unless she is a most consummate actress, she understands quite as little of the matter as we do?"

"That is the problem which we have to solve," Holmes answered, "and for my part I shall set about it by presuming that my reasoning is correct, and that a double murder has been committed. One of these ears is a woman's, small, finely formed, and pierced for an ear-ring. The other is a man's, sunburned, discolored, and also pierced for an ear-ring. These two people are presumably dead, or we should have heard their story before now. To-day is Friday. The packet was posted on Thursday morning. The tragedy, then, occurred on Wednesday or Tuesday, or earlier. If the two people were murdered, who but their murderer would have sent this sign of his work to Miss Cushing? We may take it that the sender of the packet is the man whom we want. But he must have some strong reason for sending Miss Cushing this packet. What reason, then? It must have been to tell her that the deed was done; or to pain her, perhaps. But in that case she knows who it is. Does she know? I doubt it. If she knew, why should she call the police in? She might have buried the ears, and no one would have been the wiser. That is what she would have done if she had wished to shield the criminal. But if she does not wish to shield him she would give his name. There is a tangle here which needs straightening out." He had been talking in a high quick voice, staring blankly up over the garden fence, but now he sprang briskly to his feet and walked towards the house.

"I have a few questions to ask Miss Cushing," said he.

"In that case I may leave you here," said Lestrade, "for I have another small business on hand. I think that I have nothing further to learn from Miss Cushing. You will find me at the police station."

"We shall look in on our way to the train," answered Holmes.

A moment later he and I were back in the front room, where the impassive lady was still quietly working away at her antimacassar. She put it down on her lap as we entered, and looked at us with her frank searching blue eyes.

"I am convinced, sir," she said, "that this matter is a mistake, and that the parcel was never meant for me at all. I have said this several times to the gentleman from Scotland Yard, but he simply laughs at me. I have not an enemy in the world, as far as I know, so why should any one play me such a trick?"

"I am coming to be of the same opinion, Miss Cushing," said Holmes, taking a seat beside her. "I think that it is more than probable—"

He paused, and I was surprised on glancing round to see that he was staring with singular intentness at the lady's profile. Surprise and satisfaction were both for an instant to be read upon his eager face, though when she glanced round to find out the cause of his silence he had become as demure as ever. I stared hard myself at her flat grizzled hair, her trim cap, her little gilt ear-rings, her placid features, but I could see nothing which could account for my companion's evident excitement.

"There were one or two questions—"

"Oh, I am weary of questions!" cried Miss Cushing, impatiently.

"You have two sisters, I believe."

"How could you know that?"

"I observed the very instant that I entered the room that you have a portrait group of three ladies upon the mantelpiece, one of whom is undoubtedly yourself, while the others are so exceedingly like you that there could be no doubt of the relationship."

"Yes, you are quite right. Those are my sisters Sarah and Mary."

"And here at my elbow is another portrait, taken at Liverpool, of your younger sister, in the company of a man who appears to be a steward by his uniform. I observe that she was unmarried at the time."

"You are very quick at observing."

"That is my trade."

"Well, you are quite right. But she was married to Mr. Browner a few days afterwards. He was on the South American line when that was taken, but he was so fond of her that he couldn't abide to leave her for so long, and he got into the Liverpool and London boats."

"Ah, the *Conqueror*, perhaps?"

"No, the *May Day*, when last I heard. Jim came down here to see me once. That was before he broke the pledge. But afterwards he would always take drink when he was ashore, and a little drink would send him stark, staring mad. Ah! it was a bad day that ever he took a glass in his hand again. First he dropped me, and then he quarrelled with Sarah, and now that Mary has stopped writing, we don't know how things are going with them."

It was evident that Miss Cushing had come upon a subject on which she felt very deeply. Like most people who lead a lonely life, she was shy at first, but ended by becoming extremely communicative. She told us many details about her brother-in-law, the steward, and then wandering off on to the subject of her former lodgers, the medical students, she gave us a long account of their delinquencies, with their names and those of their hospitals. Holmes listened attentively to everything, throwing in a question from time to time.

"About your second sister, Sarah," said he. "I wonder, since you are both maiden ladies, that you do not keep house together."

"Ah! you don't know Sarah's temper, or you would wonder no more. I tried it when I came to Croydon, and we kept on until about two months ago, when we had to part. I don't want to say a word against my own sister, but she was always meddlesome and hard to please, was Sarah."

"You say that she quarrelled with your Liverpool relations."

"Yes, and they were the best of friends at one time. Why, she went up there to live just in order to be near them. And now she has no word hard enough for Jim Browner. The last six months that she was here she would speak of nothing but his drinking and his ways. He had caught her meddling, I suspect, and given her a bit of his mind, and that was the start of it."

"Thank you, Miss Cushing," said Holmes, rising and bowing. "Your sister Sarah lives, I think you said, at New Street, Wallington? Good-by, and I am very sorry that you should have been troubled over a case with which, as you say, you have nothing whatever to do."

There was a cab passing as we came out, and Holmes hailed it. "How far to Wallington?" he asked.

"Only about a mile, sir."

"Very good. Jump in, Watson. We must strike while the iron is hot. Simple as the case is, there have been one or two very instructive details in connection with it. Just pull up at a telegraph office as you pass, cabby."

Holmes sent off a short wire, and for the rest of the drive lay back in the cab with his hat tilted over his nose to keep the sun from his face. Our driver pulled up at a house which was not unlike the one which we had just quitted. My companion ordered him to wait, and had his hand upon the knocker, when the door opened, and a grave young gentleman in black, with a very shiny hat, appeared on the step.

"Is Miss Sarah Cushing at home?" asked Holmes.

"Miss Sarah Cushing is extremely ill," said he. "She has been suffering since yesterday from brain symptoms of great severity. As her medical adviser, I cannot possibly take the responsibility of allowing any one to see her. I should recommend you to call again in ten days." He drew on his gloves, closed the door, and marched off down the street.

"Well, if we can't, we can't," said Holmes, cheerfully.

"Perhaps she could not or would not have told you much."

"I did not wish her to tell me anything. I only wanted to look at her. However, I think that I have got all that I want. Drive us to some decent hotel, cabby, where we may have some lunch, and afterwards we shall drop down upon friend Lestrade at the police station."

We had a pleasant little meal together, during which Holmes would talk about nothing but violins, narrating with great exultation how he had purchased his own Stradivarius, which was worth at least five hundred guineas, at a Jew broker's in Tottenham Court Road, for fifty-five shillings. This led him to Paganini, and we sat for an hour over a bottle of claret while he told me anecdote after anecdote of that extraordinary man. The afternoon was far advanced and the hot glare had softened into a mellow glow before we found ourselves at the police station. Lestrade was waiting for us at the door.

"A telegram for you, Mr. Holmes," said he.

"Ha! It is the answer!" He tore it open, glanced his eyes over it, and crumpled it into his pocket. "That's all right," said he.

"Have you found out anything?"

"I have found out everything!"

"What!" Lestrade stared at him in amazement. "You are joking."

"I was never more serious in my life. A shocking crime has been committed, and I think that I have now laid bare every detail of it."

"And the criminal?"

Holmes scribbled a few words upon the back of one of his visiting-cards and threw it over to Lestrade.

"That is it," he said; "you cannot effect an arrest until to-morrow night at the earliest. I should prefer that you would not mention my name at all in connection with the case, as I choose to be associated only with those crimes which present some difficulty in their solution. Come on, Watson." We strode off together to the station, leaving Lestrade still staring with a delighted face at the card which Holmes had thrown him.

"The case," said Sherlock Holmes, as we chatted over our cigars that night in our rooms at Baker Street, "is one where, as in the investigations which you have chronicled under the names of the 'Study in Scarlet' and of the 'Sign of Four,' we have been compelled to reason backward from effects to causes. I have written to Lestrade asking him to supply us with the details which are now wanting, and which he will only get after he has secured his man. That he may be safely trusted to do, for although he is absolutely devoid of reason, he is as tenacious as a bulldog when he once understands what he has to do, and indeed it is just this tenacity which has brought him to the top at Scotland Yard."

"Your case is not complete, then?" I asked.

"It is fairly complete in essentials. We know who the author of the revolting business is, although one of the victims still escapes us. Of course you have formed your own conclusions."

"I presume that this Jim Browner, the steward of a Liverpool boat, is the man whom you suspect?"

"Oh! it is more than a suspicion."

"And yet I cannot see anything save very vague indications."

"On the contrary, to my mind, nothing could be more clear. Let me run over the principal steps. We approached the case, you remember, with an absolutely blank mind, which is always an advantage. We had formed no theories. We were simply there to observe and to draw inferences from our observations. What did we see first? A very placid and respectable lady, who seemed quite innocent of any secret, and a portrait which showed me that she had two younger sisters. It instantly flashed across my mind that the box might have been meant for one of these. I set the idea aside as one which could be disproved or confirmed at our leisure. Then we went to the garden, as you remember, and we saw the very singular contents of the little yellow box.

"The string was of the quality which is used by sail-makers aboard ship, and at once a whiff of the sea was perceptible in our investigation. When I observed that the knot was one which is popular with sailors, that the parcel had been posted at a port, and that the male ear was pierced for an ear-ring, which is so much more common among sailors than landsmen, I was quite certain that all the actors in the tragedy were to be found among our seafaring classes.

"When I came to examine the address of the packet I observed that it was to Miss S. Cushing. Now the oldest sister would, of course, be Miss Cushing, and although her initial was 'S.,' it might belong to one of the others as well. In that case we should have to commence our investigation from a fresh basis altogether. I therefore went into the house with the intention of clearing up this point. I was about to assure Miss Cushing that I was convinced that a mistake had been made, when you may remember that I came suddenly to a stop. The fact was that I had just seen something which filled me with surprise, and at the same time narrowed the field of our inquiry immensely.

"As a medical man, you are aware, Watson, that there is no part of the body which varies so much as the human ear. Each ear is, as a rule, quite distinctive, and differs from all other ones. In last year's *Anthropological Journal* you will find two short monographs from my pen upon the subject. I had, therefore, examined the ears in the box with the eyes of an expert, and had carefully noted their anatomical peculiarities. Imagine my surprise, then, when, on looking at Miss Cushing, I perceived that her ear corresponded exactly with the female ear which I had just inspected. The matter was entirely beyond coincidence. There was the same shortening of the pinna, the same broad curve of the upper lobe, the same convolution of the inner cartilage. In all essentials it was the same ear.

"Of course I at once saw the enormous importance of the observation. It was evident that the victim was a blood relation, and probably a very close one. I began to talk to her about her family, and you remember that she at once gave us some exceedingly valuable details.

"In the first place, her sister's name was Sarah, and her address had, until recently, been the same, so that it was quite obvious how the mistake had occurred, and whom the packet was meant for. Then we heard of this steward, married to the third sister, and learned that he had at one time been so intimate with Miss Sarah that she had actually gone up to Liverpool to be near the Browners, but a quarrel had afterwards divided them. This quarrel had put a stop to all communications for some months, so that if Browner had occasion to address a packet to Miss Sarah, he would undoubtedly have done so to her old address.

"And now the matter had begun to straighten itself out wonderfully. We had learned of the existence of this steward, an impulsive man of strong passions—you remember that he threw up what must have been a very superior berth, in order to be nearer to his wife—subject, too, to occasional fits of hard drinking. We had reason to believe that his wife had been murdered, and that a man—presumably a seafaring man—had been murdered at the same time. Jealousy, of course, at once suggests itself as the motive for the crime. And why should these proofs of the deed be sent to Miss Sarah Cushing? Probably because during her residence in Liverpool she had some hand in bringing about the events which led to the tragedy. You will observe that this line of boats calls at Belfast, Dublin, and Waterford; so that, presuming that Browner had committed the deed, and had embarked at once upon his steamer, the *May Day*, Belfast would be the first place at which he could post his terrible packet.

"A second solution was at this stage obviously possible, and although I thought it exceedingly unlikely, I was determined to elucidate it before going further. An unsuccessful lover might have killed Mr. and Mrs. Browner, and the male ear might have belonged to the husband. There were many grave objections to this theory, but it was conceivable. I therefore sent off a telegram to my friend Algar, of the Liverpool force, and asked him to find out if Mrs. Browner were at home, and if Browner had departed in the *May Day*. Then we went on to Wallington to visit Miss Sarah.

"I was curious, in the first place, to see how far the family ear had been reproduced in her. Then, of course, she might give us very important information, but I was not sanguine that she would. She must have heard of the business the day before, since all Croydon was ringing with it, and she alone could have understood whom the packet was meant for. If she had been willing to help justice she would probably have communicated with the police already. However, it was clearly our duty to see her, so we went. We found that the news of the arrival of the packet—for her illness dated from that time—had such an effect upon her as to bring on brain fever. It was clearer than ever that she understood its full significance, but equally clear that we should have to wait some time for any assistance from her.

"However, we were really independent of her help. Our answers were waiting for us at the police station, where I had directed Algar to send them. Nothing could be more conclusive. Mrs. Browner's house had been closed for more than three days, and the neighbors were of opinion that she had gone South to see her relatives. It had been ascertained at the shipping offices that Browner had left aboard of the *May Day*, and I calculate that she is due in the Thames to-morrow night. When he arrives he will be met by the obtuse but resolute Lestrade, and I have no doubt that we shall have all our details filled in."

Sherlock Holmes was not disappointed in his expectations. Two days later he received a bulky envelope, which contained a short note from the detective, and a type-written document which covered several pages of foolscap.

"Lestrade has got him all right," said Holmes, glancing up at me. "Perhaps it would interest you to hear what he says."

"My dear Mr. Holmes,—In accordance with the scheme which we had formed in order to test our theories"—"the 'we' is rather fine, Watson, is it not?"—'I went down to the Albert Dock yesterday at 6 P.M., and boarded the ss. *May Day*, belonging to the Liverpool, Dublin, and London Steam Packet Company. On inquiry, I found that there was a steward on board of the name of James Browner, and that he had acted during the voyage in such an extraordinary manner that the captain had been compelled to relieve him of his duties. On descending to his berth, I found him seated upon a chest, with his head sunk upon his hands, rocking himself to and fro. He is a big, powerful chap, clean-shaven, and very swarthy—something like Aldridge, who helped us in the bogus laundry affair. He jumped up when he heard my business, and I had my whistle to my lips to call a couple of river police, who were round the corner, but he seemed to have no heart in him, and he held out his hands quietly enough for the darbies. We brought him along to the cells, and his box as well, for we thought there might be something incriminating; but, bar a big sharp knife, such as most sailors have, we got nothing for our trouble. However, we find that we shall want no more evidence, for, on being brought before the inspector at the station, he asked leave to make a statement, which was, of course, taken down, just as he made it, by our short-hand man. We had three copies type-written, one of which I inclose. The affair proves, as I always thought it would, to be an extremely simple one, but I am obliged to you for assisting me in my investigation. With kind regards, yours very truly,

G. Lestrade."

"Hum! The investigation really was a very simple one," remarked Holmes; "but I don't think it struck him in that light when he first called us in. However, let us see what Jim Browner has to say for himself. This is his statement, as made before Inspector Montgomery at the Shadwell Police Station, and it has the advantage of being verbatim:

"Have I anything to say? Yes, I have a deal to say. I have to make a clean breast of it all. You can hang me, or you can leave me alone. I don't care a plug which you do. I tell you I've not shut an eye in sleep since I did it, and I don't believe I ever will again until I get past all waking. Sometimes it's his face, but most generally it's hers. I'm never without one or the other before me. He looks frowning and black-like, but she has a kind o' surprise upon her face. Ay, the white lamb, she might well be surprised when she read death on a face that had seldom looked anything but love upon her before.

"But it was Sarah's fault, and may the curse of a broken man put a blight on her and set the blood rotting in her veins! It's not that I want to clear myself. I know that I went back to drink, like the beast that I was. But she would have forgiven me; she would have stuck as close to me as a rope to a block if that woman had never darkened our door. For Sarah Cushing loved me—that's the root of the business—she loved me, until all her love turned to poisonous hate when she knew that I thought more of my wife's foot-mark in the mud than I did of her whole body and soul.

"There were three sisters altogether. The old one was just a good woman, the second was a devil, and the third was an angel. Sarah was thirty-three and Mary was twenty-nine when I married. We were just as happy as the day was long when we set up house together, and in all Liverpool there was no better woman than my Mary. And then we asked Sarah up for a week, and the week grew into a month, and one thing led to another until she was just one of ourselves.

"I was blue-ribbon at that time, and we were putting a little money by, and all was as bright as a new dollar. My God! Whoever would have thought that it could have come to this? Whoever would have dreamed it?

"I used to be home for the week-ends very often, and sometimes, if the ship was held back for cargo, I would have a whole week at a time, and in this way I saw a deal of my sister-in-law Sarah. She was a fine tall woman, black and quick and fierce, with a proud way of carrying her head, and a glint from her eye like the spark from a flint. But when little Mary was there I had never a thought for her, and that I swear as I hope for God's mercy.

"It had seemed to me sometimes that she liked to be alone with me, or to coax me out for a walk with her, but I had never thought anything of that. But one evening my eyes were opened. I had come up from the ship, and found my wife out, but Sarah at home. 'Where's Mary?' I asked. 'Oh, she has gone to pay some accounts.' I was impatient, and paced up and down the room. 'Can't you be happy for five minutes without Mary, Jim?' says she. 'It's a bad compliment to me that you can't be contented with my society for so short a time.' 'That's all right, my lass,' said I, putting out my hand towards her in a kindly way, but she had it in both hers in an instant, and they burned as if they were in a fever. I looked into her eyes, and I read it all there. There was no need for her to speak, nor for me either. I frowned and drew my hand away. Then she stood by my side in silence for a bit, and then put up her hand and patted me on the shoulder. 'Steady old Jim!' said she; and, with a mocking laugh, she ran out of the room.

"Well, from that time Sarah hated me with her whole heart and soul, and she is a woman who can hate, too. I was a fool to let her go on biding with us—a besotted fool—but I never said a word to Mary, for I knew it would grieve her. Things went on much as before, but after a time I began to find that there was a bit of a change in Mary herself. She had always been so trusting and so innocent, but now she became queer and suspicious, wanting to know where I had been and what I had been doing, and whom my letters were from, and what I had in my pockets, and a thousand such follies. Day by day she grew queerer and more irritable, and we had causeless rows about nothing. I was fairly puzzled by it all. Sarah avoided me now, but she and Mary were just inseparable. I can see now how she was plotting and scheming and poisoning my wife's mind against me, but I was such a blind beetle that I could not understand it at the time. Then I broke my blue-ribbon and began to drink again, but I think I should not have done it if Mary had been the same as ever. She had some reason to be disgusted with me now, and the gap between us began to be wider and wider. And then this Alec Fairbairn chipped in, and things became a thousand times blacker.

"It was to see Sarah that he came to my house first, but soon it was to see us, for he was a man with winning ways, and he made friends wherever he went. He was a dashing, swaggering chap, smart and curled, who had seen half the world, and could talk of what he had seen. He was good company, I won't deny it, and he had wonderful polite ways with him for a sailor man, so that I think there must have been a time when he knew more of the poop than the forecastle. For a month he was in and out of my house, and never once did it cross my mind that harm might come of his soft, tricky ways. And then at last something made me suspect, and from that day my peace was gone forever.

"It was only a little thing, too. I had come into the parlor unexpected, and as I walked in at the door I saw a light of welcome on my wife's face. But as she saw who it was it faded again, and she turned away with a look of disappointment. That was enough for me. There was no one but Alec Fairbairn whose step she could have mistaken for mine. If I could have seen him then I should have killed him, for I have always been like a madman when my temper gets loose. Mary saw the devil's light in my eyes, and she ran forward with her hands on my sleeve. 'Don't, Jim, don't!' says she. 'Where's Sarah?' I asked. 'In the kitchen,' says she. 'Sarah,' says I, as I went in, 'this man Fairbairn is never to darken my door again.' 'Why not?' says she. 'Because I order it.' 'Oh!' says she, 'if my friends are not good enough for this house, then I am not good enough for it either.' 'You can do what you like,' says I, 'but if Fairbairn shows his face here again, I'll send you one of his ears for a keepsake.' She was frightened by my face, I think, for she never answered a word, and the same evening she left my house.

"Well, I don't know now whether it was pure deviltry on the part of this woman, or whether she thought that she could turn me against my wife by encouraging her to misbehave. Anyway, she took a house just two streets off, and let lodgings to sailors. Fairbairn used to stay there, and Mary would go round to have tea with her sister and him. How often she went I don't know, but I followed her one day, and as I broke in at the door, Fairbairn got away over the back garden wall, like the cowardly skunk that he was. I swore to my wife that I would kill her if I found her in his company again, and I led her back with me sobbing and trembling, and as white as a piece of paper. There was no trace of love between us any longer. I could see that she hated me and feared me, and when the thought of it drove me to drink, then she despised me as well.

"Well, Sarah found that she could not make a living in Liverpool, so she went back, as I understand, to live with her sister in Croydon, and things jogged on much the same as ever at home. And then came this last week and all the misery and ruin.

"It was in this way. We had gone on the *May Day* for a round voyage of seven days, but a hogshead got loose and started one of our plates, so that we had to put back into port for twelve hours. I left the ship and came home, thinking what a surprise it would be for my wife, and hoping that maybe she would be glad to see me so soon. The thought was in my head as I turned into my own street, and at that moment a cab passed me, and there she was, sitting by the side of Fairbairn, the two chatting and laughing, with never a thought for me as I stood watching them.

"I tell you, and I give you my word on it, that from that moment I was not my own master, and it is all like a dim dream when I look back on it. I had been drinking hard of late, and the two things together fairly turned my brain. There's something throbbing in my head now, like a docker's hammer, but that morning I seemed to have all Niagara whizzing and buzzing in my ears.

"Well, I took to my heels, and I ran after the cab. I had a heavy oak stick in my hand, and I tell you that I saw red from the first; but as I ran I got cunning too, and hung back a little to see them without being seen. They pulled up soon at the railway station. There was a good crowd round the booking-office, so I got quite close to them without being seen. They took tickets for New Brighton. So did I, but I got in three carriages behind them. When we reached it they walked along the Parade, and I was never more than a hundred yards from them. At last I saw them hire a boat and start for a row, for it was a very hot day, and they thought, no doubt, that it would be cooler on the water.

"It was just as if they had been given into my hands. There was a bit of a haze, and you could not see more than a few hundred yards. I hired a boat for myself, and I pulled after them. I could see the blur of their craft, but they were going nearly as fast as I, and they must have been a long mile from the shore before I caught them up. The haze was like a curtain all round us, and there were we three in the middle of it. My God! Shall I ever forget their faces when they saw who was in the boat that was closing in upon them? She screamed out. He swore like a madman, and jabbed at me with an oar, for he must have seen death in my eyes. I got past it, and got one in with my stick that crushed his head like an egg. I would have spared her, perhaps, for all my madness, but she threw her arms round him, crying out to him, and calling him 'Alec.' I struck again, and she lay stretched beside him. I was like a wild beast then that had tasted blood. If Sarah had been there, by the Lord, she should have joined them. I pulled out my knife, and—well, there! I've said enough. It gave me a kind of savage joy when I thought how Sarah would feel when she had such signs as these of what her meddling had brought about. Then I tied the bodies into the boat, stove a plank, and stood by until they had sunk. I knew very well that the owner would think that they had lost their bearings in the haze, and had drifted off out to sea. I cleaned myself up, got back to land, and joined my ship without a soul having a suspicion of what had passed. That night I made up the packet for Sarah Cushing, and next day I sent it from Belfast.

"There you have the whole truth of it. You can hang me, or do what you like with me, but you cannot punish me as I have been punished already. I cannot shut my eyes but I see those two faces staring at me—staring at me as they stared when my boat broke through the haze. I killed them quick, but they are killing me slow; and if I have another night of it I shall be either mad or dead before morning. You won't put me alone into a cell, sir? For pity's sake don't, and may you be treated in your day of agony as you treat me now."

"What is the meaning of it, Watson?" said Holmes, solemnly, as he laid down the paper. "What object is served by this circle of misery and violence and fear? It must tend to some end, or else our universe is ruled by chance, which is unthinkable. But what end? There is the great standing perennial problem to which human reason is as far from an answer as ever."

THE SENATOR'S VISITOR.

There are some fictions concerning the Capitol at Washington. Among them is one that the woman lobbyist is a power, and that her wiles and arts are successfully employed on the most eminent statesmen in Congress.

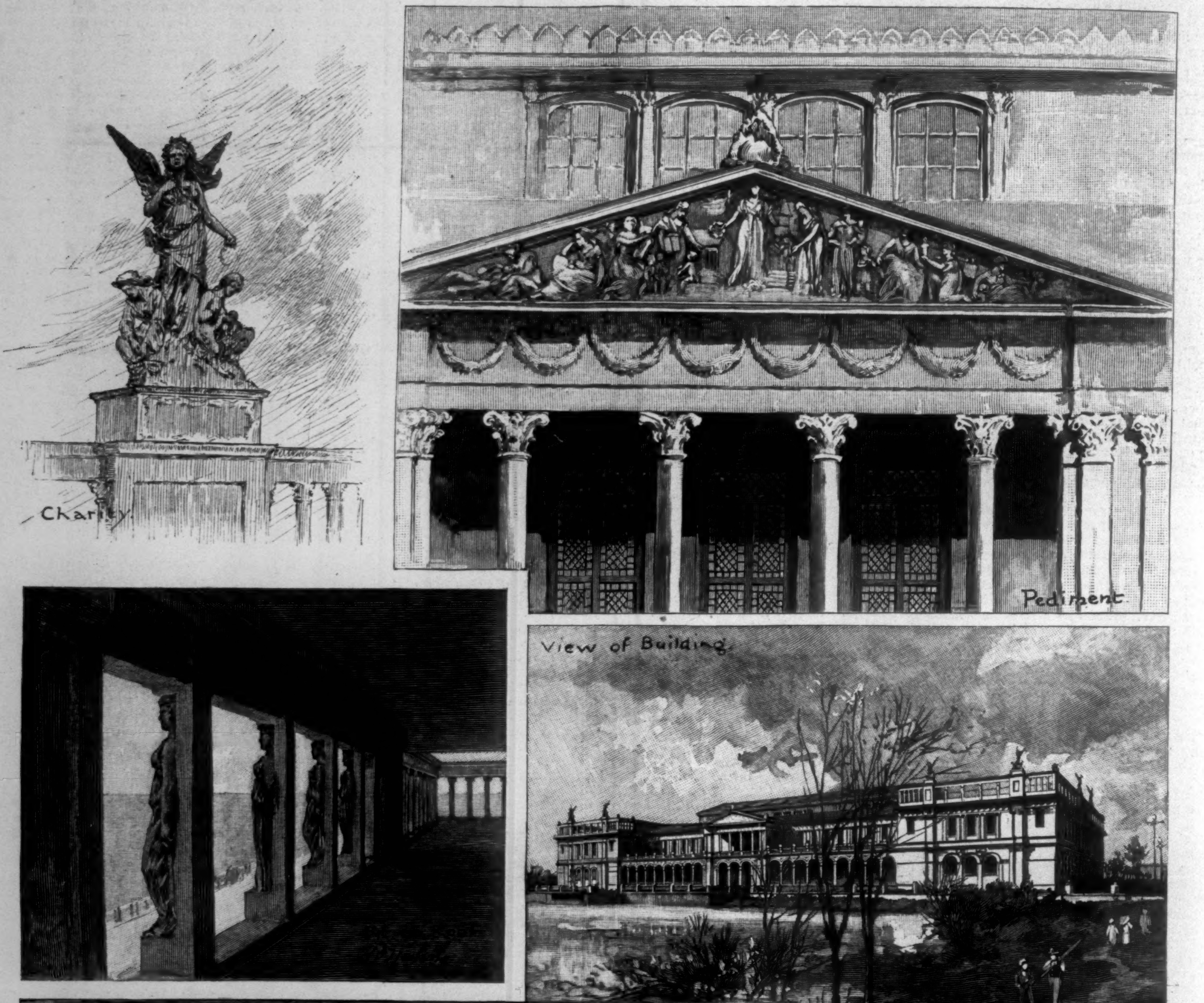
It is true that there are women lobbyists, and that some of them years ago were eminently successful. There is nothing, however, so false as the idea that the woman lobbyist is a frequent spectacle, or that she has now any influence whatever on Congressmen or on legislation. The average Congressman is a respectable and self-respecting man. It must be borne in mind that most members of the House of Representatives and of the Senate come from rural communities, and, as a rule, no man can be chosen from a rural community to a respectable public position who does not, at least apparently, walk in the paths of propriety. It may be that his reputation is false, but he is intent on preserving it, at all events, and consequently "it would not do," in the language of those who understand the full value of propriety, for a man who counts on continuing to receive the favors of a rural constituency to be seen very often in conversation with a professional woman lobbyist. Nor would the subject on which she desired to converse with him be likely to interest him if he were a man of position and character. No one who is in the habit of doing business with the national legislature, or whose affairs are of sufficient importance to demand caution and intelligence in their transaction, would employ a woman lobbyist. The first friend he met, if he had no local attorney, would warn him off. Sometimes a poor, broken-down, wronged, and inexperienced claimant, with justice on his side, and with a story of wrongs received from the red-tape system prevalent in Washington, will fall into the hands of the fair harpie, who will rob him of his spare cash, and leave him stranded and disappointed; for if anything beyond the natural indifference of Congressmen is needed to defeat a just claim, it is the effort of a woman lobbyist.

The days of great vice have gone by in Washington. The raids on the Treasury are not now so vilely corrupt as they were in the years just after the war, when "claims" rose up with almost as much spontaneity as armies did in the sixties. In those few years the lobbyist, man and woman, reaped the harvest of corruption; but nearly twenty years ago that harvest fell, and Congressional committee-rooms and the lobby of the House and Senate have only furnished forth a pitiful after-math, not at all satisfying to the voracious appetites that are drawn to Washington by the romantic traditions of large fees that have lingered about the Congressional halls since the old days when historic scandal-makers were bold enough to celebrate their victories on the floor by champagne suppers in the committee-rooms.

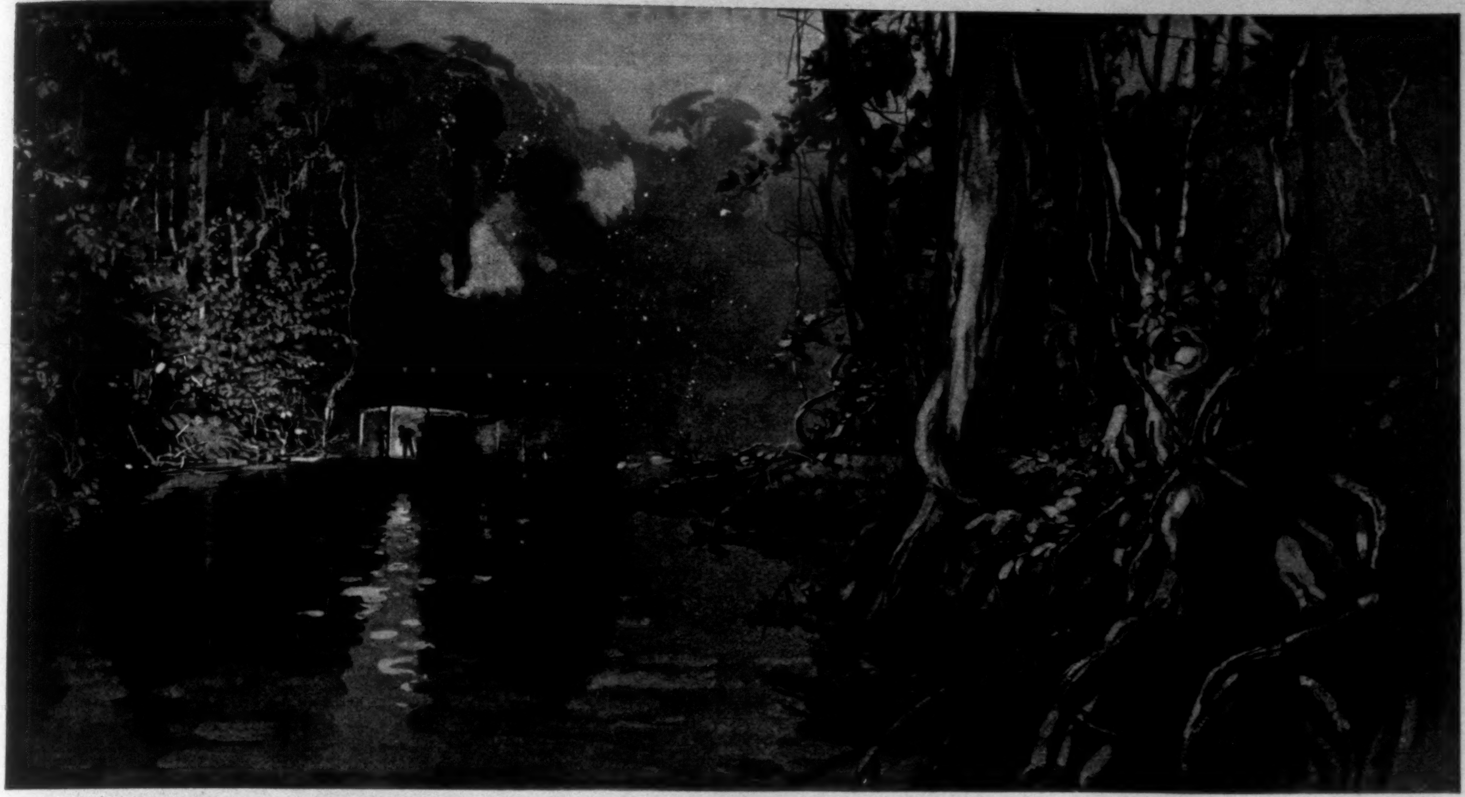
The woman whom Mr. Reinhart has pictured is just as likely as not to be one of the Senator's constituents, or a claimant, or seeker for bread through government employment. There is no counting the number of people who drift to Washington to procure the payment of old debts that the government owes them, or who hope to be able to procure employment through distant friendship with some one who is prominent, and who, perhaps, has none of the right kind of influence. There is a very pathetic side to political prominence, and hardly a day passes on which a Congressman does not have to listen to the pleading of a poor woman, perhaps the widow or daughter of a man who served his country all his life, dying rich in honors and poor in purse, or perhaps the widow or orphan of a Southern Union man, who remained loyal in trying times, and whose property was confiscated by the armies of his own cause. If she does not want to collect a debt, she may be asking for a place which cannot be given except through successful competition in a much-dreaded examination of the Civil Service Commission.

And of the particular Senator whose portrait is given it may be said with certainty that his patience is not lent to the adventurer lobbyist, but is always at the service of the pleader for justice or for a means of livelihood.

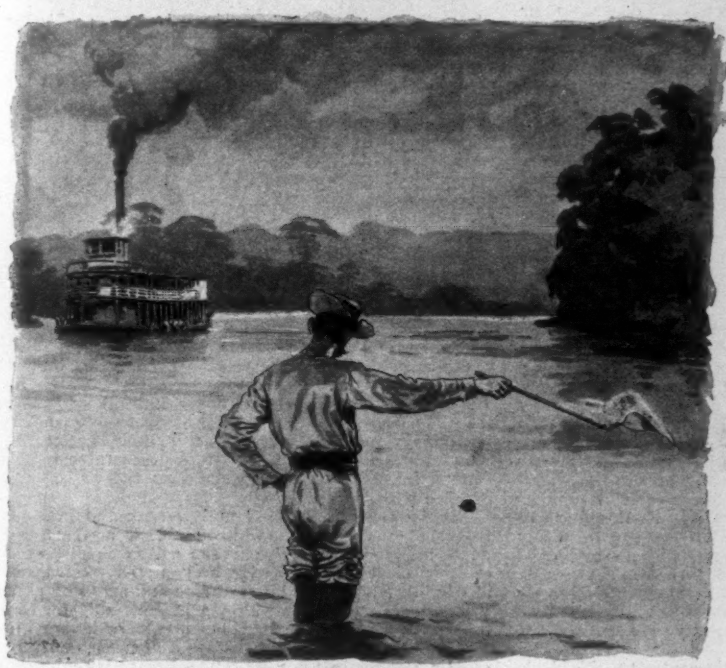
Henry Loomis Nelson.


Charity
Pediment
View of Building
East Portico

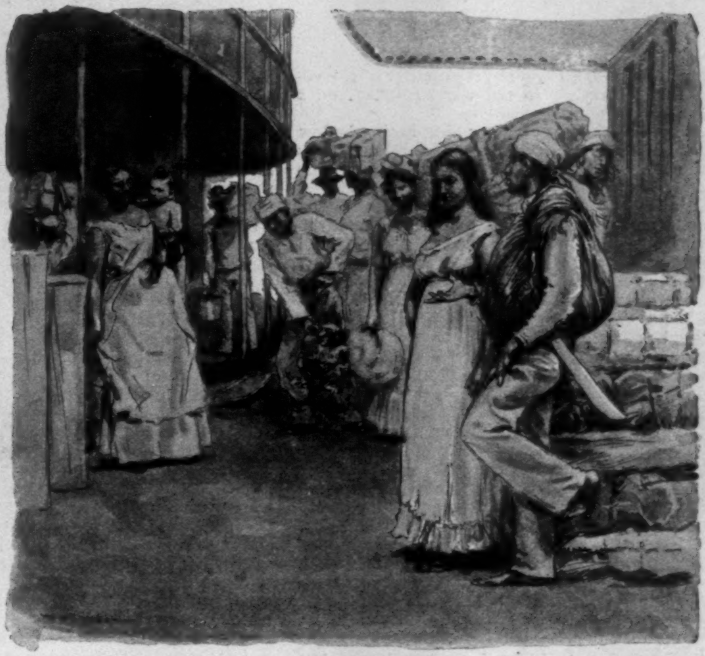
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—THE WOMAN'S BUILDING.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.



"HUGE STICKS OF WOOD ARE THROWN INTO THE FURNACE, WHICH EMITS A SHOWER OF BRILLIANT SPARKS. THESE SCINTILLATE LIKE DANCING FIRE-FLIES, AND LIGHT UP THE DEEP SHADOWS WHERE THE WATER ENDS AND THE FOREST BEGINS."



"THE DIGNIFIED CAPTAIN, WITH TROUSERS WELL ABOVE THE KNEES, MARCHES AHEAD IN SEARCH OF DEEPER WATER."



"SUCH A HETEROGENEOUS MASS OF HUMANITY ONE SEES IN CENTRAL AMERICA NO OTHER SECTION OF THE HABITABLE GLOBE."

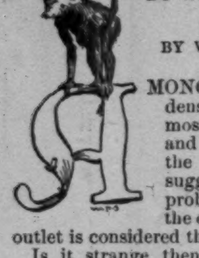
"THEY PRAY MORNING AND EVENING—REVERENTLY BEND THE KNEE AT THE SOUND OF THE ANGELUS BELL—AND CANNOT BE PERSUADED, FOR LOVE OR MONEY, TO TASTE A MORSEL OF MEAT ON FRIDAY."

UP THE RIO SAN JUAN.—[SEE PAGE 34.]

UP THE RIO SAN JUAN.

BY W. NEPHEW KING, JUN., (LATE) U.S.N.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS
BY W. P. SNYDER, AND A PHOTOGRAPH.



AMONG the many rivers draining Nicaragua's dense wilderness the San Juan is by far the most important, for in its swirling deeps and sun-gilt shallows lies the "secret of the strait." No survey has even dared suggest its elimination from the mighty problem of piercing the isthmus; indeed, the control of Lake Nicaragua and its great outlet is considered the key to the situation.

Is it strange, then, that the wondrous beauties of this stream, flowing out of the purple peaks of Ometepe and Madera, should have proved a will-o'-the-wisp to the hardy adventurers of old Spain; that the great Columbus himself should have been the first to look upon its dazzling waters; and even the world-famed Nelson, under the ramparts of Castillo, should have sacrificed that eye which made history for England at the battle of Copenhagen?

As early as 1551, when the mysterious passage claimed by the Indians to extend from ocean to ocean was found to be only a dream of enthusiasts, Gomara pronounced the San Juan the only feasible route across the American isthmus. Twice since his day has this stream borne upon its bosom the rich commerce of the world; and "the time is close at hand," says the American Geographical Society, "when this great river shall be white with sails and alive with the throbbing propellers of a mighty traffic."

Historic reminiscences, which often drive one from the beaten paths of a chronicler into the realms of fancy, have caused me to drift away from my theme—a certain red-letter day in the annals of the last expedition across the isthmus. Orders had been issued the previous evening that the steamer *Mariposa*, of the Compañia de Mala y Navegacion, would transfer the engineers to their different stations along the river-bank. Eight o'clock was the hour arranged for a start, but long before daylight the metallic throat of our transport began to shriek itself hoarse, disturbing even the tropical mosquito at his morning repast. As all roads were said to lead to Rome, so did all streets converge at the single wharf in Greytown. It was, indeed, a veritable holiday to the simple-minded natives, for from every quarter of the village hundreds were hurrying to the water-front. And a motley gathering it was.

The dark handsome fellow you see standing in the shadow of the warehouse is a typical descendant of the indigenous race the Spaniards first encountered in Nicaragua. His low-cut flannel shirt and white trousers, held at the waist by a scarlet sash, through which a keen-edged machete is carelessly stuck, make a pleasing combination. Take him all in all, the fellow is not unpicturesque. But why that towel around his head? you ask. This answers a multitude of purposes, and any one of them would destroy the romance with which you are already beginning to clothe him. Possibly he had a touch of *calentura* (fever) last night, and still feels a trifle "light about the head"; he may expect an increase of mosquitoes toward noon; or he has a long journey to perform, and will find his face bathed in perspiration before travelling many miles.

Beside the individual in question is an exquisitely formed Indian girl. The perfect symmetry of her figure has not been marred by the barbarous "stays" of civilization, as is shown by an immaculate chemise falling negligently from one shoulder. This garment is rather an exaggerated type of the décolleté gown—only a trifle more pronounced, however, than one may see any opera night in New York. Her dark skin has a deep tinge in the cheeks, faintly suggesting a luscious mango. If there be a fault in the face, it is revealed by a pair of soft sensuous lips, indicating a passionate and voluptuous nature.

Such are the types I like to regard as ideal Nicaraguans, and would that my picture could end here! It is a painfully self-evident fact, however, that the European trader and Jamaica negro were once welcome visitors on this coast—at least to a part of the population—for the faces of a small family of nine near by show complexions of every conceivable hue, from pale amber to dark coffee-color.

The steamer now sounds a long shrill blast, and passengers are rushing helter-skelter over the gangway. Such a heterogeneous mass of humanity one sees in Central America no other section of the habitable globe. When the Nicaraguan female "goes abroad," as a trip to the interior is facetiously termed, there is little left under the parental roof. Here comes Señorita Conchita, followed by a bare-legged young brother, with a couple of green parrots biting viciously at every one within range of their beaks. Another, and a still younger relative, clad only in the garments donated by generous nature, drags along a howling white-faced monkey, with a voice like an ungreased cart-wheel. Still another is the bearer of her food and sleeping paraphernalia; for you literally "take up your bed and walk in these latitudes," the steamers furnishing transportation only, and you are fortunate to secure that when most needed. In the rear of the procession ambles a fat señora carrying in her arms certain household articles which in other and more enlightened countries are generally left at home. And of the *Mariposa*, what shall I say? She is an old Mississippi River double-decker, of the stern-wheel type, about as speedy as a slow swimmer, and looks as though the fire of the entire Federal battery had been concentrated upon her during the late war.

At last the piratical-looking *capitan* shouts the long-anticipated "Á bordo!" (all aboard!), the little *Mariposa* backs out into the stream, and an itinerant photographer takes a farewell snap.

"May de good Lo'd watch ober yous, my chil'un, w'en you gits in de bush!" exclaims our old Jamaica washerwoman, as the steamer puffs for a second in mid-stream, and then pauses for breath to stem the strong current.

Running through the delta of the lower San Juan, the river shows little more than a wide expanse of low marsh on either side. Indeed, mariners claim that they often miss the entrance to Greytown Harbor, which is only a narrow opening in a long stretch of sandy coast. Upon a clear day, however, the blue mountains of the Mosquito Reservation extend to the northward as far as the eyes can reach, while the lofty peaks of the twin Costa Rican volcanoes seem to touch the clear tropic sky to the westward.

The steamer glides through the water, but that sapphire hue is lost as we turn the first bend in the river. Suddenly the throbbing of the engine ceases, and the *Mariposa* rests tranquilly upon the crest of a soft mud bank. The engineers rush excitedly from stem to stern; but the natives are thoroughly unconcerned. It is evidently an old story with them, for the rainy season has just set in, and the river has not yet had time to swell from the winter floods. Soon a score or more of stalwart blacks, with a wild Comanche yell, plunge into the water, which is only a few inches deep, and put their lusty shoulders to the vessel's side. The dignified captain, with trousers well above the knees, marches ahead in search of deeper water. Now he strikes the tortuous channel, changing from day to day, and signals the pilot what course to steer. This trifling incident, they told me, was an every-day occurrence during the dry season.

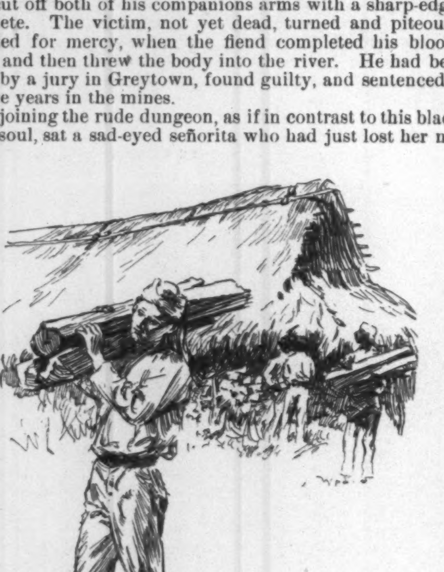
A few miles more and we reach the head-waters of the Colorado, which carries to the sea more than two-thirds of the entire volume of the San Juan; indeed, when the bed of the latter river becomes almost dry, communication with the lake is possible only through the Colorado branch. It has been claimed that a dam across the entrance to this stream might keep the San Juan navigable all the year. This would be feasible were it not for the silt and other deposits that are washed down during the rainy season. These would soon completely fill up Greytown Harbor, and make the problem of an eastern terminus more difficult than it is to-day. For this reason the proposed canal will be cut from the sea directly across the swamps, not joining the San Juan until it reaches Ochoa, fifty-two miles from Greytown. Here an immense dam will be built, practically raising the river to the level of the lake, and giving slack-water navigation for a distance of sixty-nine miles. Midway between the mouth of the San Juan and the Colorado is another channel, known as the Taura. This carries away, however, little or no water from the parent river.

Passing out of the lower San Juan, the main stream is reached where the waters of the Caño de Animas sparkle and shimmer in the morning sun. Dense masses of dark mango-trees, interspersed with scarlet passion-flowers, follow the serpentine winding of the river. On either hand wild tamarinds form giant portals to that *terra incognita* which the ignorant natives have peopled with dwarfs, one-eyed monsters, and venomous reptiles. As we ascend the river the forests become denser, and countless parasites entwine themselves in the most intricate and fantastic fashion around the topmost branches of the tallest trees, losing their identity in mystifying knots near the water's edge. Beneath their bright and shapely leaves can be seen the withered branches of the dead trees, which they clasp in an embrace as fatal as it is fond; for the parasite loves "not wisely, but too well."

Skirting close to the bank, where the feathery plumes of the wild cane wave, we escape the full strength of the current, and there realize a school-boy's dream of tropical vegetation. Imagine, if you can, a stream of dazzling brilliancy flowing between two gardens, cut and trained as by a master-hand; a dark and pathless swamp, a wild region, a solitude unbroken by the voice of man, where tangled and thorny vines have matted themselves into an impassable barrier; where tropical splendor is not mellowed even by a ray of sunshine; where the howl of the tiger is mingled with the liquid notes of the gold and black sissitote—and you have a pen-picture of that vast wilderness drained by the San Juan River.

Two miles above the junction of the Colorado, the *Mariposa* ran her nose into the bank, tied up to a tree, and took on a deck-load of wood. This little diversion gave me an opportunity of studying a few odd characters among my shipmates. In an improvised pen on the bow, guarded by four native policemen, sat an old rubber-hunter, with hands and feet manacled. The poor wretch looked unlike one guilty of the horrible crime of which he was convicted. As the story ran, a few months previous, while in the woods hunting the precious rubber, he became involved in a quarrel over the possession of a certain tree. As the object of his wrath was walking away, the fellow crept up stealthily and cut off both of his companions arms with a sharp-edged machete. The victim, not yet dead, turned and piteously pleaded for mercy, when the fiend completed his bloody deed, and then threw the body into the river. He had been tried by a jury in Greytown, found guilty, and sentenced to twelve years in the mines.

Adjoining the rude dungeon, as if in contrast to this blackened soul, sat a sad-eyed señorita who had just lost her mother. Alone with a baby brother, she had left the old home in Greytown for the Nicaraguan world beyond at Granada. On the upper deck a few disappointed politicians and ex-soldiers were discussing their overthrow by a previous revolution, and hatching, possibly, some method of revenge, while a number of rich *comerciantes* eagerly sought minute details of the proposed canal.



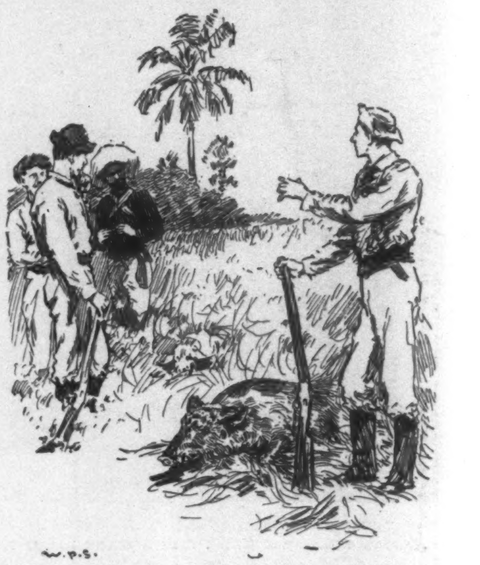
"The *Mariposa* tied up to a tree, and took on a deck-load of wood."

Once more under way, we steamed across the river in the direction of San Francisco Island, which was to be the headquarters of the expedition. Here several hours were passed landing men and provisions. And a dismal spot it seemed to one fresh from the luxuries and comforts of a Northern home. As we sat and watched the engineers clear away the dense undergrowth, and thin out the great trees that a ray of sunshine might brighten their cheerless tents, the cry of "Chanchos! chanchos!" startled every one on board.

"I knew this whole country was infested with wild hogs," sagely remarked an old surveyor who was thoroughly familiar with Nicaragua on paper.

"Let us follow them into the woods," said a few of the younger men, as they grasped their rifles and started in pursuit

In a half-hour the hunters returned with two large animals, which a native, with a sly twinkle in his eye, pronounced the finest specimens in all Nicaragua. I learned, a few days later, that an old Indian who had built a hut on the south side of the island presented a bill at Camp Carazo for a week's supply of pork. The hogs, it seems, were some of his private stock, imported from the United States for the purpose of crossing with the native chanchos. It is needless to say that the subject of wild hogs was thereafter a delicate one around the mess table at headquarters.



"A native, with a sly twinkle in his eye, pronounced it the finest specimen in all Nicaragua."

I continued up the river to visit Fort Castillo, the historic spot that is said to have cost England's greatest admiral an eye. As we ran through the rapids of Machuca, where the water fairly boils and hisses over the rocks, the pilot pointed out the little island upon which quietly slumbers the boiler of the first steamer wrecked in the San Juan. She was one of the old line that Commodore Vanderbilt owned and operated during the exodus to California in '49. When this heavy mass of iron was imbedded in the mud it formed a sand-bar. Seeds were blown from the neighboring forests upon the spot, which in time became thickly wooded. It is owing to the presence of these sand bars, formed in many different ways, that the upper river is studded with little islands.

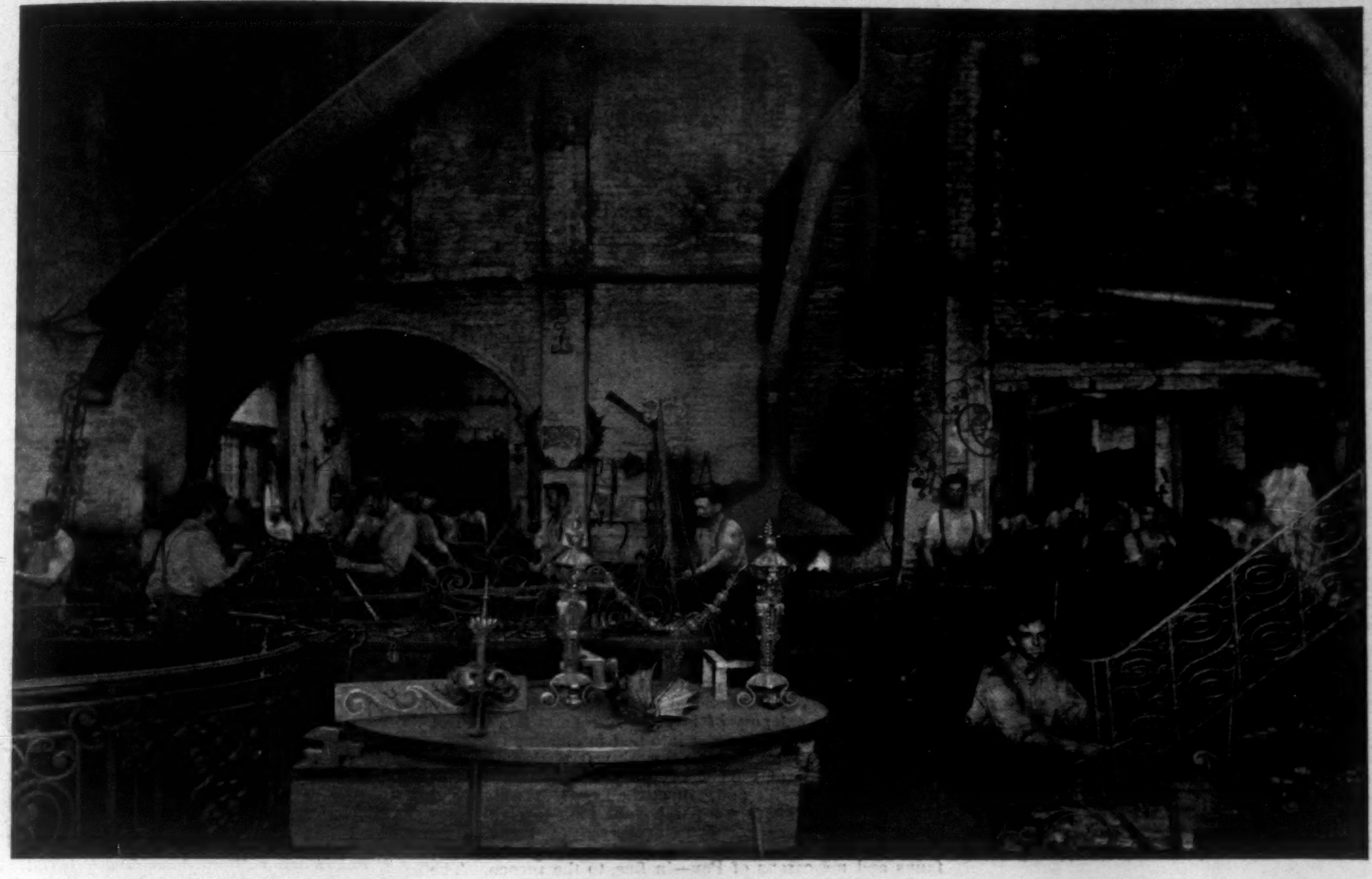
The river narrows. Tall laurel-trees seem to form an arch from shore to shore, while white and black faced monkeys sit on the branches and coolly survey us. As we pass they shower down dead bark and twigs, broken off in their mad fury at our intrusion, while birds of rare and exquisite plumage wonderingly gaze at us. Now a hideous alligator basking in the sunshine offers a large but invulnerable target to the rifle, and the paddle-wheel startles a manatee, or river-cow, quietly feeding in the mud. The foliage becomes denser. Long tendrils dip their thirsty stems in the sluggish water, forming an intricate array of net-work. Just as you begin to wonder how it is possible to continue the journey, a sudden bend shows the broad river fringed with low zacate grass on either side.

As the sun sinks into the forest the fires of the Costa Rican camp on Infiernito Creek begin to glow. It is always then that I recall the great explorer Peary's picture of a tropical sunset. Speaking of the San Juan, he says: "But it is at the close of day that this noble river, flowing from out the crimson and yellow glories of Pacific sunsets through miles of emerald walls to the orient mists of the Caribbean, puts on its royal attire. Then comes the glory of the day. From the sky descends a flood of rose, of yellow, of pale green light, from out the flowing river rise other rose and amber and pale green quivering lights to meet it. In darkest emerald and blackest velvet shadows the great trees rise, sharp-etched, against the western sky, with tufts of moss and leaves and ropelike vines, and many of them take on strange forms —here a face, a demon of the jungle, there a majestic stag's head, and a lithe swaying shape, a naiad of the tropics. From out the strange dark forest come a cloud of fragrance and the sound of countless birds and beasts and insects. Then the colored lights fade, but the fragrance and the cries linger, and the white radiance of the moon on the noble river."

Soon darkness closes around us; not that darkness to which one is accustomed in other latitudes, but a darkness that one can feel. Difficult is it to find a metaphor that will express the deathlike stillness of such a scene, unbroken save by the cry of some night bird, or the howl of a tiger in the distant jungle. The great river is still and dark. The steamer, nevertheless, continues her tortuous course, steering by the white trunks of ceiba-trees, which stand upon the banks like phantoms from the spirit world.

Now huge sticks of wood are thrown into the furnace, which emits a shower of brilliant sparks. These scintillate like dancing fire-flies, and light up the deep shadows where the water ends and the forest begins. You look far into the depths of the dismal swamp, and see weird creatures peeping at you behind each tree, now waving, now beckoning, then running away like the mythical will-o'-the-wisp. There where the palm leaves wave and nod in the damp night wind you see the lotus-tree, and recall the sad fate of the beautiful Dryope. Beneath its fatal bark her warm bosom is heaving, and a pair of white arms are clasping Andræmon. Almost at her feet lies a cluster of anemone, or wind-flowers, springing from the blood of Adonis. You look, but no longer

(*Continued on page 42.*)



A VIEW OF A GREAT SMITHY.

IRON IN DECORATIVE DESIGN.

BY CHARLES DE KAY.—ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY HARRY FENN, AND A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE age of gold, the age of silver, the age of bronze, are all gone, so the ancients held, and the present, which extends from their time to ours, is the age of iron. That was remarked before men lived in iron houses, rode on iron cars by pathways laid with iron, skimmed the water in iron boats, and explored the depths of ocean in iron boxes—ay, and flew, perhaps, with iron wings. If true then, much more is it true now. And yet, after 2000 years, few are the men of this period who can treat iron in an artistic fashion, and produce as beautiful objects in it as the ancients used to make in bronze. Few know how to put iron to a use without excluding beauty.

But if, for the most part, we fail to make the best of this hard and stubborn metal, that is not saying no steps have been taken toward a better state of things, no beginning made. Over by the North River in Twenty-seventh Street there are great shops lit from above by wide skylights, where the smell of burnt iron greets one almost as soon as it is clear whence the din of smitten anvils comes. Of an odor familiar to the village smithy there is none—that of singed hoofs—but otherwise the scene is not unlike the little way-side shop.

In darkish corners under the high sheds glow the fires, in which bars of all sizes and shapes are roasting. Bare-armed men drag various pieces of metal in and out of the coals, place them on the anvils, and stand serene while the hammers of their fellows, wielded by muscular arms, dash cascades of sparks over them from the white-hot ends. Under the picturesque light and shade the smithy has that exhilarating din when labor which is heard fashions shape out of shapelessness. It has the charm of slow, strong movements in men; the rise and fall of huge muscles; the steady, observant faces of artisans; the sense of unremitting struggle with brute material, and the final triumph. It has the fascination of the village smithy tenfold, that fascination which seems to exercise its power on loungers who do not reason much and labor not at all, as if the progress of practical work supplied by sympathy the qualities their own natures lack.

Far more delightful than intricate machinery in action, the why and how of which one does not readily understand, is this scene of direct attack on a sullen, stiff material, yet one which, the sculptors say, will take, when cast in moulds, every curve and slightest cranny of the matrix, a metal which, whether wrought or cast, once its stubborn reserve is overcome, yields itself to the production of things of real and most enduring beauty.

A great smithy, such as the one I am thinking of—the reader can get a glimpse of one part of it in the illustration—is a place where all kinds of things are fabricated. Here a boy is preparing the little spirals which compose a large part of a gate for a Newport villa, or a guard-screen for a city elevator. He picks up an unsightly strip of iron with his light pincers, and thrusts it into the coals. This iron has come all the way from Scandinavia. At the next moment he has taken from the fire another piece, already hot. Holding it on the anvil with the pincers, he takes from the bench a pair of round-nosed pliers like the curling-tongs of a barber, and with a few deft turns of the wrist coaxes the metal into a curve. A moment more and the iron seems to roll itself into a curl under the gentle but knowing pinching of the plier; then it is turned on its side and gets from a hammer one or two smart taps, and before we are expecting it, the spiral is flung, finished save for rivet-hole, on a heap of similar rolls—for all the world like a mass of thick shavings from some coal-black wood.

Yonder is a group of workmen holding with their pincers the frame of a great grille for a business building, the open-work chamber in the hall through which an elevator shoots skyward. There is a defect in one of the heavy stanchions; a fresh piece of iron must be inserted. Singular to see how resistless is the power of these hammers when the material has been properly roasted. Through the Japanese fireworks of sparks the trio of smiths look grim and determined, as if iron were a criminal and they the executioners. They are steeped in that double light, by reproducing which our young painters hope to show their cleverness, namely, a natural and an artificial light—the pure white light from outside and the ruddy from beds of glowing coal.

Many are the articles which have been forged in iron and bronze in the shops of Mr. John Williams, ranging from the great open-work doors for the white marble palace which Mr. Richard M. Hunt built at Newport for one of the Vanderbilt family to a nail to stud a church door, the head of the nail being made very broad and convex for decorative purposes. These shops are under the care of Mr. H. B. Stillman, who has superintended the artistic work of the shops for many years.

"There is hardly any limit to the market value of beauty," remarks William J. Fryer, Jun., of New York, practical iron-master, in his *Architectural Iron-work*, a treatise for apprentices and foremen in smithies and iron factories, "that element in manufactures which responds to the finer sensibilities of man." And addressing young workmen, he says: "The difference between a beautiful line and one which has no beauty whatever is very frequently a mere nothing—so indefinably small that one can scarcely say in what the difference consists. If you have the skill to add the finishing touches to a set of patterns, or take a file and clean up a part that needs but a touch to make it perfection, you will not only make an admirable workman, but will do much toward a higher standard of work in the shop."

Nevertheless, at present iron-work does not as a rule suggest beauty. In our city—and the same may be said of pretty much every town in America—if one were to pick out the ugliest feature among the details of a given street view in the quarter where the rich people dwell, it would be the "ornamental" work in iron. But we are so used to hideousness in the gratings, grilles, fire-escapes, balconies, and fences in our towns that we forget their existence. There they stand; but if at all sensitive to beauty, we make a tacit compact with our inner selves to ignore their presence, life offering plenty of other disagreeable, ugly things which cannot be dismissed so easily. Ninety-nine-hundredths of these cast-iron monstrosities have no redeeming trait; if the hundredth chances to have a good design, the need of painting the iron to preserve it from rust suffices to destroy such lines as the process of casting has not already obliterated.

Wrought iron has the great merit of proceeding direct from the hand of the artist-artisan without an intermediate stage; and while it would be too much to assert that in cast iron there is no hope of betterment, it may be safely averred that we must look to wrought iron for ascent out of the slough of ugliness and ineptitude wherein the metal as an ornamental material flounders. By proper attention we may make it possible for a genius to exist who will handle iron as a sculptor manages clay, or a painter his pigments; we may revive in the twentieth, if not in the nineteenth century now closing, the artistic triumphs of the craftsmen in iron of Italy, France, and South Germany three or four centuries ago.

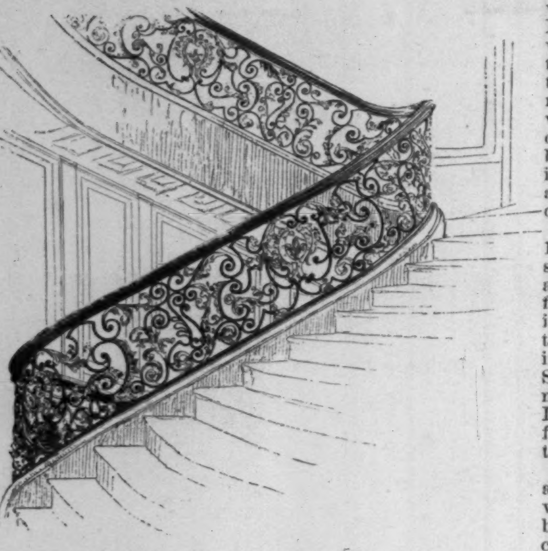
The fashioning of an iron flower is a prettier sight than the words sound, for a flower of iron suggests gardens of the underworld in old legends, where the visitor from the earth's surface dare not pick the blossoms, for they are burning hot. Curious, to see a good workman create a flower in iron! He assembles three, four, or five little cups having irregular edges, in the bottom of each of which is a square hole. He picks up an iron nail with a rounded broad head and a square shank. The cups he then slips over the point of the nail, the smallest cup first, and turning the nail over, shows you the parts assembled. The head of the nail will form the cushionlike centre of the blossom, where stamen and pistils are; the little cups form the even or alternate layers of the petals. These parts must be forged and welded together; but heat sufficient to do that would ruin the shape of the petals. So he takes a bit of clay and covers the petals with a thick layer; pushes the flower into the coals, and presently withdraws it with the clay hard baked, but the uncovered parts welded together in a solid flower. Knocking the clay off the petals, he seizes a punch and indents the nail-head to represent the irregular surface of that part of the flower; then with pliers he slightly changes the angle of any petal which does not lie right, or turns one out of line to make it look more natural—and there is the flower, ready to be grafted on a balcony or a photograph-frame, an iron garland or a hanging lamp.

People who have no hope for iron, people who do not fancy realism of this sort, and especially the reproduction of such delicate, dainty things in sombre metals, should withhold their scorn until they have seen a clever hand construct one of those hearth-backs which are used to close up the bare and empty hearth during the summer—a design, for example, of a climbing rose stock, such as may be seen against the walls of old houses in long-settled lands. The heavy gnarled trunk flattened against the wall is forged separate, the unevenness of the bark being wrought by blows from the hammer. Then the branches which the gardener has caused to grow at somewhat regular distances right and left are reproduced and welded on. Clusters of leaves, also somewhat formally distributed, are then added, and the rosebuds and open roses are scattered with a certain regular irregularity over the branches. Buds are quickly formed; but the open rose has to be brought together in the way indicated above. Of course finish can go to almost any length; the graver and acids can play their parts; but when such methods are used, the work belongs more to the sphere of the gold and silver smith, and the result is an object lacking that robust rudeness which is so pleasing in iron.

The quickness and certainty with which the work is done remind one of preliminary modelling in clay by workmen in porcelain factories when the task is to produce flowers in high relief for cups and vases. The component parts of plant and flower are brought together in a magical way; the object grows under the eyes as hands fly, and tools are dropped and caught up again. Especially in Belgium has flower-work in iron been carried to great lengths. Swedish iron of a tough but very pliable sort is used, and the malleableness and pliability of the iron are kept as much as possible during the process. Therefore the twigs and blossoms of such an iron bush as above described can be bent a good deal without breaking, and a final touch can be given the whole before it is offered to a buyer, very much as a flower-girl will pluck at and preen a bouquet to make the flowers show their fairest.

At one time iron-work of a really artistic sort was more common in the Atlantic cities than it became later. At first the rapid growth of New York did the city great damage. We find in South Fifth Avenue, East Broadway and Bleecker Street, thoroughfares given over to business or to squalor, the remains of a former epoch when newel-posts, window and stoop guards, balcony railings and transom grilles, were often charming. They are survivals from a time when people knew how to have liberal portals, big halls, and porte cochères leading to covered passages. A former generation did not know so much as we do of some things, but it had a way of properly "coming in when it rained," at least from a carriage. Whereas until very recently the present generation has seemed to lack that much wit.

Ever since our rich folk began to allow architects to be artists to a certain limited degree, ornamental iron-work has been looking up. Illustrations of modern designs will therefore chiefly consist of pieces made in such a smithy as described, following the designs drawn up hastily by a member of the firm having some villa or great business building to plan, or even turned over like any other detail to some bright young clerk in the office. It is not contended that these fire-dogs, grilles, gateways, and rood-screens represent what can be done in wrought iron when people will pay for them like works of art, but merely what has been done by men overwhelmed by a hundred other details much more important than iron-work to the owners of the buildings, in the decoration of which such objects occupy at present a distinctly subordinate place. They only assume to point out the possibilities of the metal.



STAIRCASE IN A PRIVATE RESIDENCE.

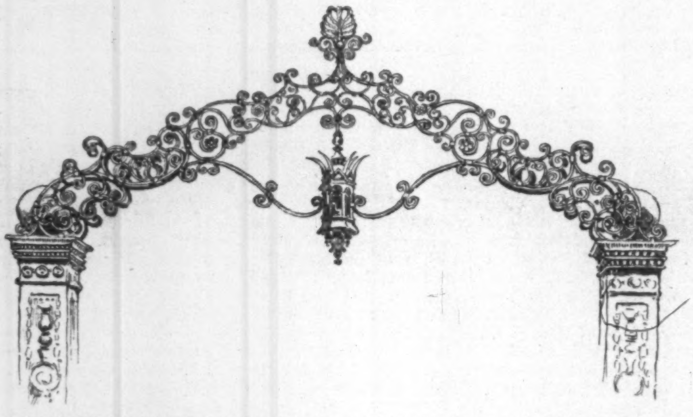
The rood-screen placed by Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White in the massive granite church at Morristown, New Jersey, points the way to a use of iron for many adjuncts of the chancel which are now done in brass, stone, or wood. When iron was used by artists in France, Italy, and South Germany—that is to say, before the middle of the last century—it was common to apply gilt to certain parts of the design. Thus, if there were an escutcheon bearing a badge, crest, or arms, if there were initials or a monogram in a panel, the letters or shield would be treated discreetly with gilding. Other colors were sometimes applied. It lay with the painter whether the coloring was effective or overloaded. The outer gates of a cathedral might be of iron. The handles of the great wooden doors, and the nails with which they were studded; the escutcheons about the massive locks; the crosses on the roof or in the cemetery; the grilles that protected relics or famous pictures of saints from the robber (who was quite likely to steal such things, less in sacrilegious spirit than to obtain the relic or image for his own benefit); the screens and little shutters opening in the doors of sacristies or convents, through which visitors might converse with sacristan or nun; the covers of fonts; the elaborate and beautiful hinges that bound together broad doors and made them things that still entrance the artist—in fine, a thousand articles in and about churches called for iron-work, and they call now as they did in the Middle Ages and later.

As to gateways of wrought iron, a few exist in New York which rise well above the common; for instance, those which give point to the lofty iron fence about the house of Mr. Havemeyer in Madison Avenue, a portion of which may be seen in the illustration. They are designed by Mr. Richard M. Hunt. One of the prettiest iron gates is Mr. McKim's design for the chief entrance to the campus of Harvard, in which the architect has striven to recall *motifs* that ruled decorative iron in England during the last century, while Harvard was struggling up from high-school to college. The great outer doors for the Newport house already mentioned are undoubtedly the most sumptuous affairs of the kind. Bronze outside, with the applied decorations in relief either gilded or covered with a dark green patina, they are iron within, but for the most part polished iron, while the applied or relief decorations are gilt. They are of unusual size, and are now in place under the great pillared portico with which Mr. Hunt has provided this marble palace.

The late M. Viollet-le-Duc did more than any other man to conduct taste in the right channels so far as iron-work is concerned, but the same brain could not perfect each detail of all the improvements instigated by him. Like his Gothic beasts at the restored Château de Compiègne, the screens and grilles designed by Viollet-le-Duc lack the powerful personality found in the work on which some obscure artisan of the later Middle Age has expended his life-thought, or to which some Benvenuto has given the concentrated glow of his genius. In the Galerie d'Apollon at the Louvre is a gateway which came from the Château de Maisons sur Seine, built by Mansart, from whom the much-abused Mansard-roofs take their name. It may be recalled by the central decoration of its long panels, namely, a caduceus of Mercury round which four snakes are twined instead of two, while the handle of the staff is set with wings, wheat sprays and oak branches in pairs. The upper part shows an old man issuing in heraldic fashion from a wreath of leaves, crowned and supported by two Cupids. This grille is of iron, forged, chased and in parts gilt, and is very magnificent.

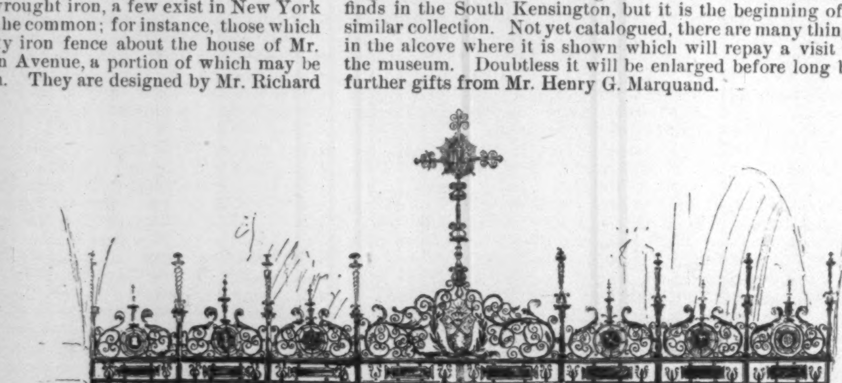
The great epoch for wrought iron lies between 1160 and 1660. There lingered long in Europe, and in a way there still linger, curious ideas about the manual forging of iron, and about the smith himself. Travellers in central Africa find the same ideas in fresher, cruder form; the blacksmith is often an object of superstitious terror. But we have the echo of the old superstitions regarding smiths and iron-working in many legends, notably that of Wieland Smith in Scotland and England—superstitions which did not arise from a knowledge of Greek myths of Hephaistos or Latin tales of Vulcan, but had their origin independently from the same category of ideas in Europe at large. But there is no room here to enter into that fascinating chapter.

The last very interesting iron-work was made in Europe about the middle of the latter century; but by that time, as we see from the grille and gate at the Louvre, the style had become florid. There is a flamboyant look to eighteenth-century iron-work, a tendency to broad seaweedy masses of foliage, to scallop-shells, and to somewhat meaningless Tritons, fauns and mascarons of Pan—in fine, to the rococo. The tendency is shown in fragments which remain from a grille belonging to the Château de Fourquevaux, where the Romanesque of a simpler age is recalled by the fabulous animals, boys and satyr heads, by the fruit and the leaves; but the treatment is almost as florid as that of the last century. Rococo of a discreet sort is found in the design used for the small gates at the Metropolitan Museum which close the alcove on the main floor where the collection of old iron-work is shown.

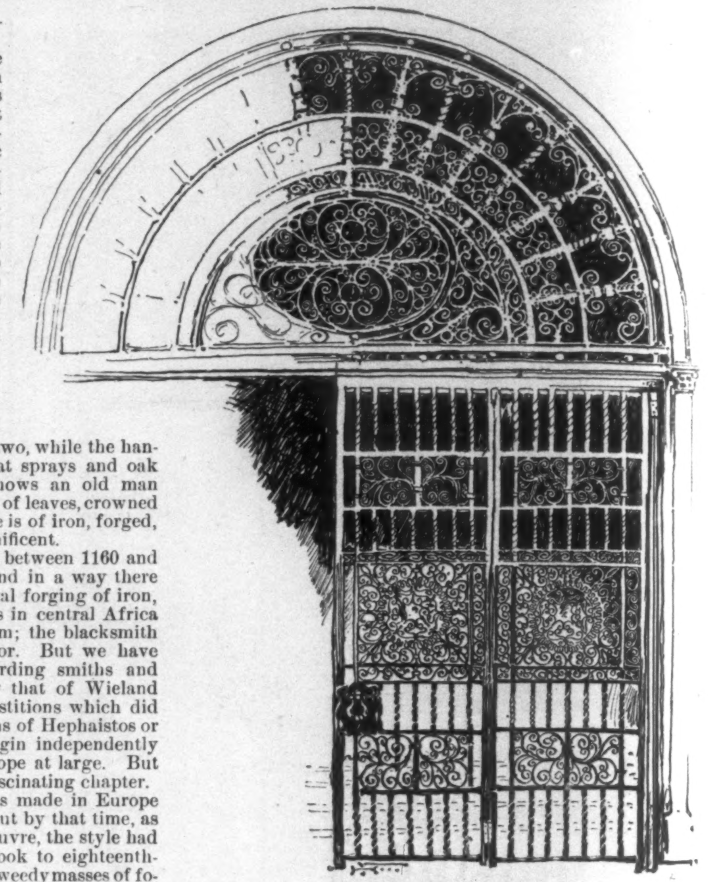


ARCH OVER CARRIAGE DRIVE, VILLARD HOUSE, MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

This small collection of old door-handles, escutcheons for locks, coffer-tops, keys, hinges, knobs, and knockers of forged iron must not be forgotten. It is not such as one finds in the South Kensington, but it is the beginning of a similar collection. Not yet catalogued, there are many things in the alcove where it is shown which will repay a visit to the museum. Doubtless it will be enlarged before long by further gifts from Mr. Henry G. Marquand.



ROOD-SCREEN IN CHURCH AT MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY.



ELEVATOR SCREEN, NEW YORK LIFE-INSURANCE BUILDING, MONTREAL.

No one would be blamed for voting iron stairs, as they are found in public buildings, banks, and residences, things beyond the pale of good taste, for looks are commonly sacrificed to protection against fire; but they are also seen where they ask to be considered ornamental. There is no more reason for ugly stairs of iron than of marble; the architect who does not understand the proper use and limitations of marble will not understand the possibilities of iron for stairways, and will make no allowance for the difference between stone and metal in weight, tensile strength, and effect on the observer.

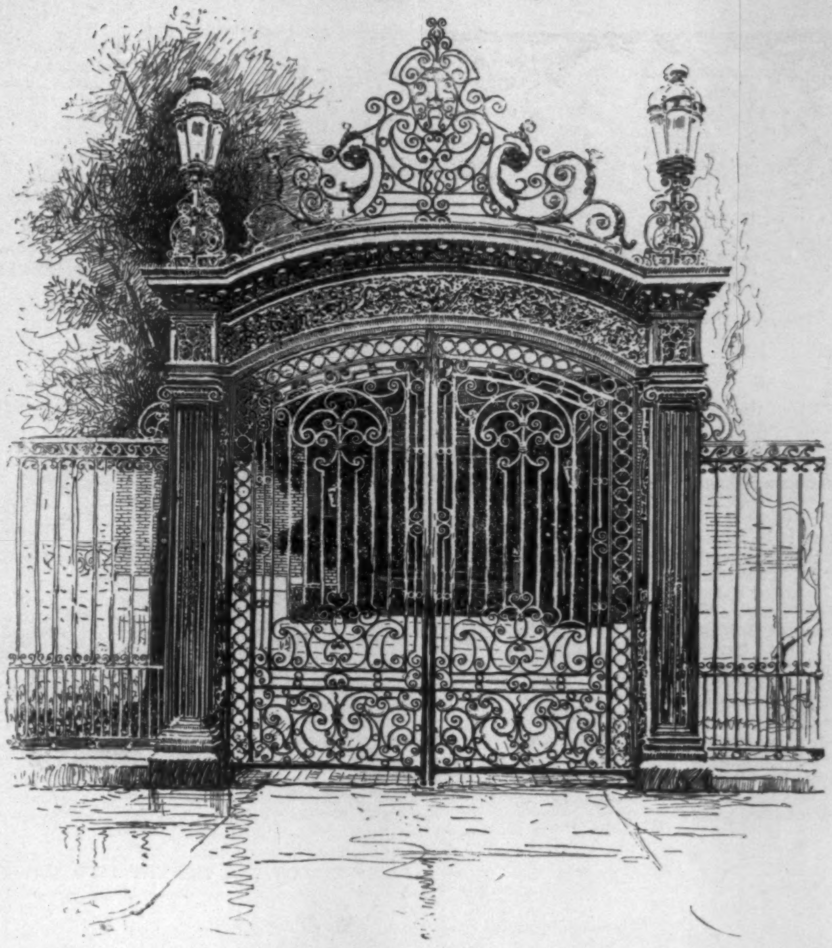
A handsome use of iron in this respect is seen in the cut from the main hall of a great business building erected in Minneapolis by Messrs. Babb, Cook, & Willard, of New York. It is an original design—though spiral stairs in couples have been built before—and does not stand alone in the building so far as ornamental iron-work is concerned. Other work of more than ordinary beauty is there, due, it is said, to the skill of Mr. George Babb. A stair of iron that takes bold curves is that which Mr. Stanford White designed for the central hall of the house belonging to Mr. J. Hampden Robb, Park Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street, a portion of which is shown here. To the same hand is due the simple and elegant rail on the stairs in the Century Club leading from picture-gallery to upper floor.

It is the privilege of iron to support superincumbent weights with less bulk than stone or wood; hence a look of gossamer airiness may often be imparted to an iron structure compared with the solidity of other materials. There are secrets which the old smiths practically discovered, but which have not been handed down very carefully; these can be applied to make a spiral stair, a balcony, a gate, or a grille seem stronger or lighter than it otherwise would. For example, the bars in a screen which give the strength and the curls, spirals, or conventional leaves which form the decorative clothing of the frame may be composed of broader or narrower staves or rib-bands of iron. As one looks at the object it depends greatly for effect on the ultimate position it is to hold. Are the flat sides or the thin sides of rod and spiral outward?—naturally, the whole has one appearance if most of the component parts display the broad side or if they show the thin. Again, position as to the angle of sight is a great factor in resulting effect. Thus a design in itself beautiful when on paper or finished in the smithy, may become dull enough if it is placed near the top of a house where it must be seen at an angle by the passers.

Our architects have not pondered fine points like this, not because such considerations are beyond them, since they have to deal with the like every day, but because iron-work is still too much a particular which householders think may be neglected. They do not hold their architects to strict account, whilst, in the hurry of overwork, the latter cannot afford the time for matters which are not likely to procure them pay or thanks.

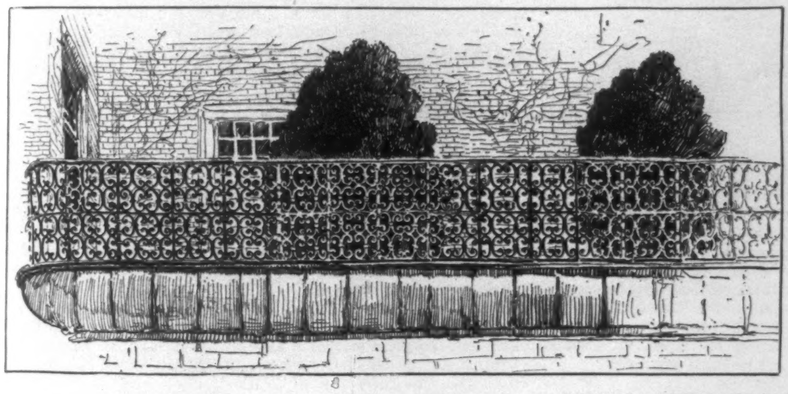
However, good work is steadily growing. Arches over gateways and ornamental grilles to close the upper part of doors are found in newer buildings. Mr. Ogden Goelet has a fine grille in the wooden door of his new villa at Newport. The Villard house behind St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, is entered through a court-yard. The carriage drive is arched with decorative work in iron. People who keep their eyes open for such details may be surprised at glimpses here and there about the city showing that wrought iron has received more attention than they supposed. An impulse comes from the buildings which corporations, banks, insurance companies, or large estates plan in the business parts of our cities. At St. Paul the same firm which designed the spiral stairs for Minneapolis, shown in an illustration, are the designers of the elevator screen figured here. And it is a fact that many hotels and office buildings in New York are already provided with elevator screens which show at least the good taste of discreetness. Designs are simple, but not ugly. Such may be seen in the Union Trust Company's building, that of the New York *Times*, and others.

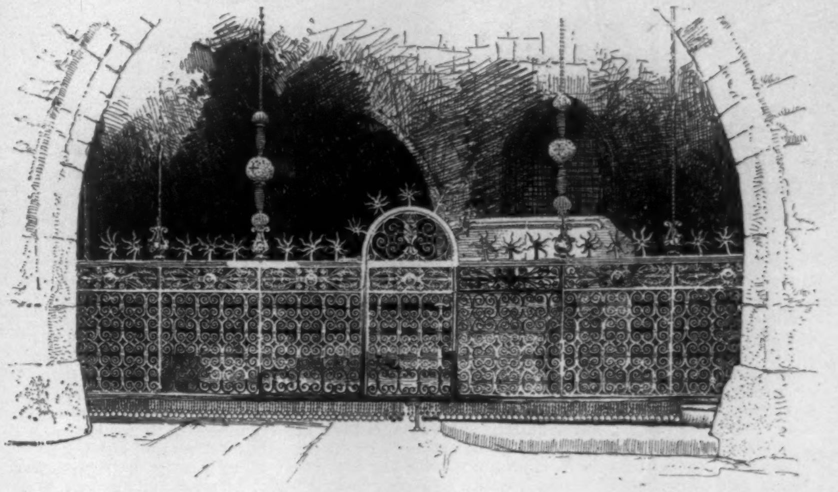
To the public the question of art in balconies and window-guards is more important than that of stairs inside the house, or of elevator screens; for balconies are like the statues in the open squares, things which no man can escape, since they are always in sight. Very few are the balconies of iron in New York which would support the test, or, indeed, reach the level, of criticism. The balconies of 934 Fifth Avenue, belonging to Mr. Alfred M. Hoyt, are above the ordinary, and should be noted. Of less delicate design, but to be remarked as one more indication of a turn toward iron, are the low balconies and stoop-guard of the house of Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, Madison Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street. The balconies of Mr. Robb's house before mentioned, and those of Mr. Tiffany, Madison Avenue and Seventy-eighth Street, are to be examined. All these we owe to Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White. It is sad that a town with so many ten thousands of balconies and fire-escapes should make so poor a showing, but thus it is. Cast-iron vulgarities and wrought-iron ineptitudes fill the fronts and sides of our dwellings and hotels, until, as already remarked, the eyes learn not to see them, in order to protect themselves. These are the objects which do more than anything else to disgust people with iron. But, after all, they do not see iron, merely fresh or rusty paint.



HAVEMEYER GATE, MADISON AVENUE AND THIRTY-EIGHTH STREET.

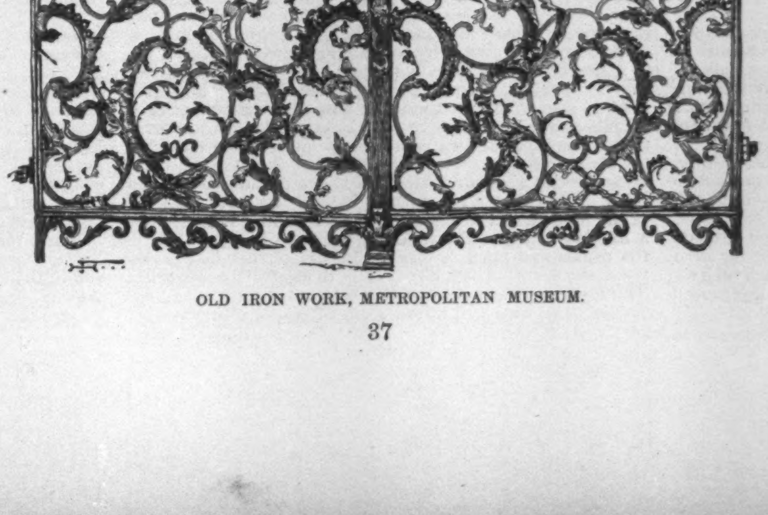
As to grilles there is more choice, because these are less costly, and can be applied to old houses. Narrow windows in the façade of the Century Club are ornamented rather than guarded by grilles of some beauty. In Clinton Place the house No. 51, owned by Mr. A. W. Drake, has simple but pretty window-guards designed by Mr. George Babb, and here and there in forsaken quarters of former gentility one sees a door with the transom crowned by a grating that is not without a simple fineness. Now and then in Boston one finds this by-gone touch, and modern houses are occasionally well treated in this respect. The balconies of the Boston house of Mr. Andrews by McKim speak well for the architect and owner.





BALCONY AND GRILLE, TIFFANY HOUSE, NEW YORK.

But it must be confessed that the greater number of the wrought-iron work placed on big hotels, exchanges, office buildings, and apartment-houses in our great cities during the last decade are atrocious in design, signifying nothing but boastfulness. Such things come from depraved taste on the part of employers, architects, and the manufacturers to whom this part of the decorations has been assigned. One has but to walk from Bowling Green to Wall Street in order to see twenty instances of a vile taste which imagines that contorted lines and fabulous beasts holding lamps in their jaws, iron spears, and plenty of chains constitute the acme of art in ornamental iron.



OLD IRON WORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

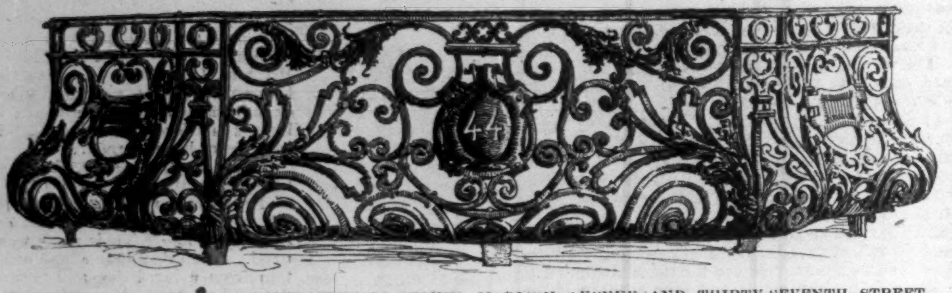
Remains of seventeenth and eighteenth century work exist here and there in Quebec, the low finances of Canada having preserved the citizens from the flamboyant designs which marked the decline of the art in France. These pieces are as instructive and delightful as the sign-boards of iron which survive on taverns in some parts of England. Very often they are the work of local smiths who could not pick and choose staves and ribbands of iron from a vast variety, as smiths can to-day, but had to fashion the parts of the objects laboriously in their own small fires. Material was therefore economized, and the result was sometimes a beautiful solid design, very simple in line, but exactly fitted for the purpose needed, as, for example, to keep marauders out of cellars or from climbing over the hall door. With us the tendency is to excess of ornament, elaboration of design, which has lost its true meaning, and to results that seem to proclaim a large bank account rather than a stock of brains. Especially in New York and the big cities westward is the reaction seen from the old-fashioned narrowness observable in iron-work on buildings, as it is on many other things. Freed from the old rigidity and timidness which feared the charge of ostentation, our amateurs incite architects to lavishness and an ill-considered multiplication of decorative designs. Yet, on the whole, the change will work its own salvation in the end; but meantime we are in a very heyday of bad art, and ought by all means train our eyes by such examples as are not defective, so as to stem the rush of ugliness and bad taste. The larger forms of ornamental iron-work only, those which have permanent place in buildings, have been touched on so far. But it will occur to the reader that there is a much larger field which manufacturers have been exploiting. There are the hearth-backs, fire dogs and screens, the lamp-stands and lanterns, the brackets, sconces, and decorative plaques. From France and Belgium, from Italy and Bavaria, from far Japan, come specimens of such smaller objects to rival native work; and the lessons that foreign articles teach have in some cases been learned.

So far as the chains, fire-dogs, and hanging lamps are concerned, a couple of Frenchmen who had a shop in Newark, used to produce a certain quantity some years ago. Their name was Ferdinand. The bric-à-brac shops used to obtain from a Mr. Pries, and perhaps still do so, heavy fire-dogs with tall shafts decorated with spirals, and terminating above in a basket; hanging frames, also, in which a lamp could be swung. A New-Englander named Copeland used to fabricate pretty things in iron before the great establishments found it profitable to supply the demand. They were treated in goldsmith way rather than in blacksmith fashion. In the sales-rooms of certain firms one sees row after row of hanging lamps for oil or gas made of wrought iron. Some of them are far from ugly, although the greater number reflect that tendency to the florid and loud, which seems the first to catch the attention of buyers who are new to things of luxury and taste. Lanterns, gas-fixtures, candlesticks, brackets, even frames for photographs to stand on the table or hang on the wall, are now turned out in iron. Indeed, there is no end to the variety of objects which may be wrought in the metal.

The great objection of rust applies especially to things which have to stand all weathers, but is serious also for objects within-doors, for they too rust in time, unless constantly examined. Patents have been issued which claim to secure iron from oxidation, and experiments under such patents have in some cases been successful, but, through bad management, nothing really valuable to the people has been done. It would be a godsend to smiths and architects if these processes were properly worked and objects rendered rustless at a trifling cost. A thousand purposes for which iron might be employed, were it made indifferent to the presence of moisture cheaply, must remain untried, because people very naturally shrink from the trouble and expense of incessant care or of painting.

But with the advance of science iron can be so treated by acids, partial firing, and other methods as to obviate the necessity of painting and gilding. For a number of shades of color can be obtained in the material itself, as well as a greater or less degree of immunity from rust. Had these secrets been generally known a century or so ago, how many wrought-iron relic screens, door-grilles, and swinging signs, beautiful or merely quaint, would now be preserved which are now dust! The secrets are still very imperfectly understood, but the turn of fashion toward iron, which now seems assured, will have the effect of making them definite and widespread. Archæologists are now inclining to the belief that in Egypt, at least, iron was known at a very early period, and steel was rarely made; but bronze continued to be employed by preference, the art of hardening tools and weapons of bronze and of restoring blunted edges having been carried to great perfection, whereas iron was not so well understood, while the effects of rust were only too plain.

Wrought iron is even adaptable to the needs of the amateur, who is able to play the artisan in a way persons would not imagine who had not seen it done. A small coal fire, properly selected sheets, rods, and strips of iron, and a small set of blacksmith's tools, are all that is needed. Boys or women can fashion with these such light objects as brackets, candlesticks, picture-frames, grilles for ornament or the protection of stained glass, stands for porcelains or glasses—in fine, for a host of things about the house. There is much scope for ingenuity in the adaptation of old ideas or the invention of new. Booths at kirmesses and less ambitious church fairs can be stocked

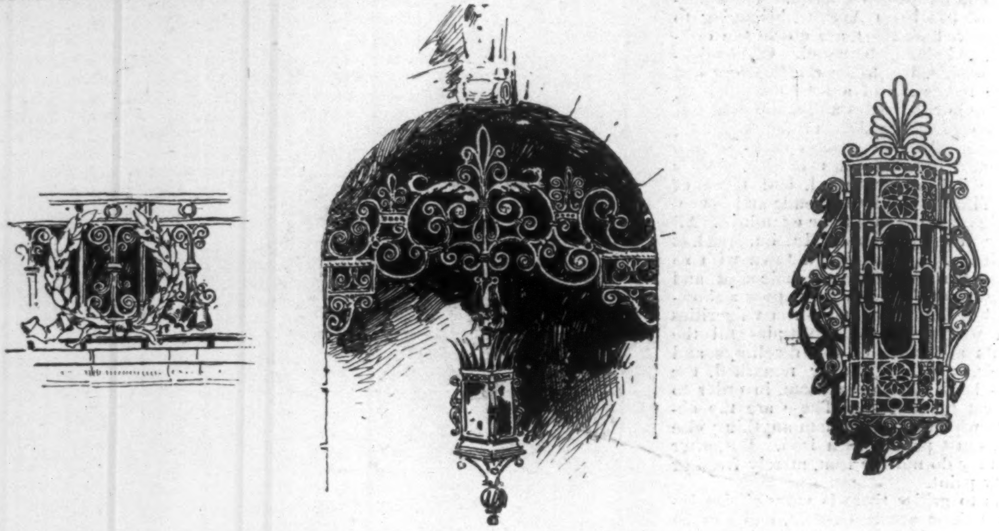


BALCONY RAIL, HOUSE OF ANSON PHELPS STOKES, MADISON AVENUE AND THIRTY-SEVENTH STREET.

by dilettante smiths with objects in wrought iron that will not fail to bring a good price, for in most minds durability is a trait that will cover as with a veil a multitude of sins in beauty and workmanship.

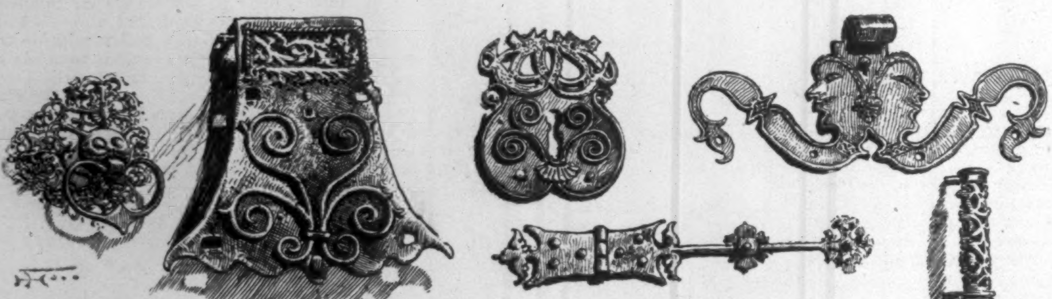
In England amateurs have gone so far that a small handbook has been issued which specifies the simplest tools, and gives directions how to construct certain objects easily made. For amateurs bent iron-work is naturally more to be recommended than the heavier tasks which the blacksmith accomplishes. Pretty results are obtained by using copper or brass in conjunction with iron, as we find the Japanese doing, though he would be a rare amateur who could follow even at a distance the Japanese in the taste with which they use metals and their alloys, as well as the pure metal treated with differing degrees of heat, in order to avail themselves of variety in coloring. Nay, the amateur might use silver, too. If the price of silver continues to fall, the time may be near when the tons of the shining metal now stored in Washington will approach copper in value, and be at anybody's price. As to purely artistic iron-work, so far as the skill of the blacksmith is concerned, the finest example here is Japanese; it is a jointed dragon imported some years ago by the late Edward Greey, each scale of which is a separate piece of forging. When held by the head or tail, the creature moves exactly like a snake.

Since, as some assert, we are in the iron age and not that of electricity, why should we not make the most of the metal typical of our times? Why not use it to express thought, feeling, art? Instead of that we leave it to builders of warehouses and locomotives, to artisans and mechanical engineers. Would it have cost much beyond the huge sum paid for it, had the Brooklyn Bridge received a little more grace than it possesses now by reason of its size and the sweep of its tremendous cables? Latterly the Germans have built across the Elbe at Hamburg a bridge which attempts to add an element of art to an iron structure by the roll of its serpentine lines, now soaring far above the roadway, then sweeping far below, while at both ends the grand piers form triumphal arches, with much architecture of a grandiose, castellated kind. The direction is a good one—whatever may be thought of the results of this particular design.



IRON-WORK ON THE CENTURY CLUB BUILDING, NEW YORK.

What a pity that New York does not own the Spitzer Collection now for sale in Paris! It contains a gallery of iron armor, weapons, and strong-boxes, veritable marvels in mediæval blacksmith's work of the finest sort. There is no lack of Japanese work in iron, bronze, brass and other alloys of copper, but of examples of European work from the Middle Ages there is comparatively little. That the taste for ornamental iron is spreading may be seen by the long list of recent works on decorative iron-work published by Hessling & Spidmeyer, of Berlin and New York. It is a metal whose use is manifold in architecture and the furnishing of interiors. Great fame awaits that artist who, having novel and beautiful things to tell, shall learn to express himself in iron.



OLD IRON-WORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.—PRESENTED BY H. S. MARQUAND.

THE PLANTATION NEGRO.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

No Northern man ever journeys far into the South without hearing that his people do not understand the negro. Every Southern man and woman says so. We do not know how to make the negro work, they say; we do not know how few his wants are, and how eccentric they are; we do not know how to make him happy, how to treat him so that he will love us. I never understood why this is so insisted upon. But I never went South without being impressed by the fact that no Northern man who has not been South can even faintly appreciate the situation there between the whites and the colored people. We make fair treatment of the negro voter a political battle-cry. Our sense of justice compels this. But until all Northern men in politics have seen the South—have seen a certain black parish in Louisiana, for instance, where there are 400 whites and 3600 blacks—it will not be easy for them to exercise patience, discrimination, and justice in the battle for fair play.

However, that is on the edge of politics, which have no place in this article. I am setting out only to narrate some anecdotes, and to describe some scenes which have the colored folks prominent in them. Once, when I was in a Massachusetts town, I saw the people in the newspaper office run to the windows to look at a negro. He lived a few miles away, and was the only man of his color in the neighborhood, so that he was looked upon as a curiosity. Not many years afterward I found myself in the town of Newcastle, Delaware. I saw colored people by the hundred. They stood in knots in the streets, they lay in the roadways basking in the sun, they filled rows and rows of dwellings. Putting the two experiences together, I supposed I had seen the two extremes of the relation between the whites and the blacks. I know now that I had seen neither, for I have since been all through "the Black Belt," where even the mechanics are often colored men, and I have been where there are no negroes, as well as where negroes are seldom seen, and are admitted to a perfect equality with whites of the humbler class, even in the matter of wedlock. That, of course, was in Europe.

Such a condition as the latter is hard to understand, yet it can exist. A waitress in a quaint old temperance hotel in Liverpool, at which I once stopped, was indignant at the conduct and language of a Kentucky gentleman who found himself at the same dining-table with a black missionary. She could not understand his feelings. She said she had supposed America "was where all men were equals." It transpired that she was engaged to marry the colored preacher, and wore a ring that marked her engagement to him. He seemed a very nice and kindly man, she said, and she expected to endure three years of hard living in Liberia, "in order to come back to New York with him and be made a lady." It was a disagreeable task to tell her how far from happy or respected she would be if she did come to New York as the white wife of a black man, but the truth caused the ending of the match.

Last spring, on a Mississippi packet, I told that story to the Republican postmistress of a Mississippi river-side village. She was amazed. "The colored people all love me where I live," said she. "Some would almost give their right hands to help me if I asked them. But I would starve to death before I would eat a crust of bread at the same table with one; and rather than see my daughter at school with a colored child—as I have heard white children and black are schooled together in the North—I would see her grow up in ignorance. I am kindness itself to the negroes. I am the best friend and chief support of many of them, but I want them to keep their place, as I mean to keep my own."

There are the two extremes indeed.

It is a curious fact—or it seems so until the reasons are studied—that one must go North to find the sharpest and most unreasoning prejudice against the blacks. In a journey I have just finished, through a majority of the Southern States, I did not see a single instance of brutality toward the blacks by the whites; but in Indiana, not long ago, I found a whole county where the people boasted that no negro was ever permitted to stay overnight. There was not a colored family or individual in that county, which was the seat of the White Cap terrorism of a few years ago. And it was in Asbury Park, New Jersey, within fifty miles of New York (where the anti-negro riots once took place), that the people protested against the presence of colored persons on the "Boardwalk" or sea-side promenade of the village. Of course, there is a great difference between the colored people of the Black Belt and those in the North. Down South they are and always have been the laborers. Up North they are sometimes lawyers, teachers, tradesmen, and persons of means. It was in North Dakota that the wife of an editor boasted to me that she had an excellent colored kitchen-girl. "But," said she, "if I called her a servant, she would be very angry. We have to address her as 'Miss Reynolds' in order to keep her with us."

To me the colored folks form the most interesting spectacle in the South. They are so abundant everywhere you travel; they are so eternally happy, even against fate; they are so picturesque and funny in dress and looks and speech; their faults are so open and so very human, and their virtues are so human and admirable. As I think of them, a dozen familiar scenes arise that are commonplace there, yet to a Northerner are most interesting. I think of their fondness for fishing. Somebody has called fishing "idle time not idly spent," and that must be how the Southern colored people regard it, for they seem to be eternally at it wherever they and any piece of water, no matter how small, are thrown together. One would scarcely expect to find the New Orleans darkies given to fishing, yet it is a constant delight to them. They do not merely dangle their legs over the sides of the luggers and steamers to sit in meditative repose above a line thrown into the yellow Mississippi, but they fish in the canals and open sewers in the streets that lie just beyond the heart of the city. It is delightful to see them. Those open waterways flowing between grassy banks out towards the west end might seem offensive otherwise, but when at every few hundred feet a calm and placid negro man, or a "mammy" with a brood of moon-faced pickaninnies sprawling beside her, is seen bent over the edges, pole in hand, the scenery becomes picturesque, and the sewers turn poetical. After one has seen a few darkies putting their whole souls into fishing, it is painful to see a white man with a rod and line. The white man always looks like an imitation and a fraud.

From St. Louis to New Orleans, and all the way through the Gulf States, negroes and fish-poles were forever together, like the happiest subjects of wedlock. At least one darky fishing dotted the water view. Along the lower Mississippi many colored men now own little farms of a few acres, with a log cabin, a rifle, a mule, a plough, some chickens and children, a wife, and a fishing-rod. When I passed by, the corn was planted, the spring-time sun was pleasantly warm, and these ebon monarchs were seated in their dugouts and skiffs watching their lines. Some hypercritical white men were apt to call attention to a gaping rent in the cabin roof, or to the fact that a day's toil at remunerative labor would bring the means to put in panes of glass where the window holes were stuffed with old trousers and hats. But that is according to how one looks at life. If happiness is its main aim, and the old hats and trousers keep the weather out, the fishermen have the best of the argument. The Indians on the plains believe that the more a man is civilized, the more care and responsibility he has, and the darky planters who take nature into partnership on a three-acre claim know that the Indians are right. Down in Florida, where the St. Johns River is narrow and very tortuous, the passengers on the regular boat one day last spring were occasionally startled by stentorian yells. "Hi, dar! what you doin'? Can't yer see what yer about? Don't you come a-nigh me." The reason was evident. A colored man here and there had fallen asleep over his fishing-rod, and the great muddy wave which the steamer sucked along behind her had engulfed his little boat, and startled the fisherman out of half his senses.

In every view of the country outside the cities one gets an idea of how greatly the negroes are in the majority. At the plantation landings on the river-sides one sees the planter's house standing alone, while near by there is always a huddle of negro cabins, or perhaps a double row of them forming a little street, or a great scattering of them over the fields. Sometimes they are neat and in good repair, but neatness is far from being a characteristic of field life in the Southern States. As a rule, the cabins are dilapidated, their yards are littered, the fences are in ruins, and even the harness on the horses and mules is made up of tatters of leather, rope, and chains. It is a mystery how the average field hand keeps his or her garments from falling off in pieces, for they hang on in pieces almost like the scales on a fish.

Wherever a boat lands or a train stops, one is sure to find half a dozen, or even two dozen, negroes to each white person in the crowd that gathers on the levee or at the station. At one boat-landing in Florida I saw the colored "dominie," or preacher, followed down to the levee by a knot of his female parishioners. It was a burlesque on a burlesque, for it parodied Bunthorne in the comic opera of *Patience*. He was a very stout and comfortable parson, not without a double shine upon his broadcloth, partly of wear and partly of grease. Like Bunthorne, he rather lorded it over the women, paying very little attention to them, and standing apart like a superior being. I wondered that he did not give his carpet-bag to one of them to carry. They stood in twos and threes, snickering and giggling, with little rolly-poly babies clinging to the skirts of some. Each woman had some red about her; if not a red dress, it was a red shawl or a red waist or red hood. And they chewed tobacco. These are two common inclinations of the female sex among the negroes—a love of red and of tobacco. The dominie had a Napoleonic face and great gravity, but I am sorry to say that the latter quality was seriously disturbed when he took his departure on our boat. The gang-plank had to be put almost straight up and down to connect the boat with the river-bank, and the unfortunate dominie slipped on the top of it, threw his carpet-bag in the air, and went down the plank like a barrel, to land in a heap on the steamboat deck. To the cries of "Did yer hurt yer?" by his disciples he volunteered no reply; but later, when he had brushed the flour and dirt off his coat, and was calm again, he was graciously pleased to remark, "You may tell der congergation I will be wid dem in de spirit, and will soon return if de Lord spares me."

On the same trip I heard a pathetic bit of a dialogue between two colored women who were waiting for a train.

"Hello, Lize!" one said. "Dat's a nice dress you got on."

The other replied that it was, and ought to be, as it cost seven dollars. "But," said she, "der seams are all made so coa'se and clumsy, I's a'most ashame to be seen."

"Well, don't you know why dat is?" the other replied. "It's 'cause you're colored. White folks gits what dey want; colored folks takes what dey gits—and dey gits de wors' ebery time."

But to return to their numbers. At every landing on the rivers the banks were lined by idle colored people from the fields and villages, and the white men were always very few; the white women seldom seen at all. It always seemed to me that these idlers enjoyed seeing the roustabout boat crews do their heavy work—and very heavy work it is that these negro deck hands perform. They use no barrows or trucks, but "tote" nearly everything on their heads and shoulders. For this purpose merchandise is put up in suitable packages in the South and West, the sugar and flour and meal being put in sacks, and the other staples being divided into small boxes, packages, and barrels. All day long, and often all night as well, the roustabouts put on and take off the freight at the frequent stations, not merely dumping it on a wharf—for there are no wharves—but carrying it up the banks and into the sheds and storehouses at each place.

One boat on which I travelled carried fifty of these tireless human pack-horses; the smallest crew I saw was half that size. They slept as best they could—in their clothing, on the main-deck near the boilers—and they were dressed as fortune had favored them—which is to say, mainly in rags. They worked in processions, like ants, one line moving one way loaded, and the other returning empty-handed. Their common gait was a trot, for this primitive mode of moving a cargo is slow at best, and the loads would never be put on or off if the men walked. So they went at a dog-trot, hitching up their trousers, rolling like sailors, scraping their feet, and slouching along, and all the while chanting or muttering some singsong phrases. They livened up every little village they came to, making such a noise and bustle that it was rather a wonder that everybody, white and black, did not turn out to share the excitement than that the idle darkies were the only lookers-on. The Mississippi River hands got a dollar a day for their almost superhuman work—the very hardest I ever saw performed anywhere or by anybody. They were a dull and almost barbaric-looking crew, and I was told that they drank up all their earnings at Natchez and New Orleans, where the boat lines terminate, and that they carried knives and razors, and were scarred all over their bodies as the result of their frequent fights and quarrels. Of course that was one-sided testimony, but I learned long ago that there are two sorts of colored folks in the South—the rude dull field hands and the spruce, polite, and far more intelligent and ambitious house-servants—both originating in and descending from similar classes in the time of slavery.

In New Orleans I was shown the quarter in which the roustabouts throw away their earnings, and it is safe to say that there is not in any other of the capitals of Christendom such a spectacle of low and almost absent morality. The dance-house, which is the headquarters of the district, suggested a place in the heart of Africa at a savage merrymaking. The place was small, not much higher than the people's heads, dark, smoky, and intensely hot. The women were in one long line, and the men in another, facing them, as in a Virginia reel. The dancing was primitive, the only figures being a jig by both lines preparatory to a general swinging of partners. The place was curiously called "the coonje dance-house."

Once, when Mr. Smedley and I were on the steamer *Teche* on a Louisiana bayou, we reclined on a pile of sacks of freight the better to enjoy comfort and the scenery at once. We attracted the attention and interest of the roustabouts. We heard them talk to one another about us as they passed bowed under back-bending loads.

"H'm!" said one. "Guess dem gemmen been steamboatin' befo'. Never seen white folks lay around on de freight dat way. Seen niggers do it, though."

Almost always what they said was interesting, either in itself or because of the rich-toned voices and peculiar dialect they used. Sometimes what they were heard to say was extremely laughable. On this steamer *Teche* the poor fellows had a night of almost incessant work on the heels of a day of frequent landings. They were tired; indeed, I never will be able to understand how they performed the tasks that were set them, though, on the other hand, their all day of work was preceded and followed by days of idleness. This is how we heard them discuss the situation.

"I don't work on dis yer boat no mo'," said one.

"Work on dis yer boat?" another exclaimed. "I wouldn't work agin on dis boat ef she was loaded wid griddle-cakes, an' de molasses was drippin' ober de sides."

"I," said the first speaker—"I wouldn't work agin on dis yer boat ef she was loaded wid rabbits, and dey was all jumpin' off."

With that word-picture of a boat's cargo that was able to unload itself, the roustabout threw a sack of grain upon his shoulders and slouched up the gang-plank, apparently unconscious that he had said anything at all humorous or uncommon.

In Tallahassee we had a coach-driver who kindly showed us the town, including "the Colored Af'can Church." There is a street or road there which has upon it a cemetery and a seminary. The two words confused our guide. "Some says cemetery and some says seminary," said he; "I can't rightly judge which is de mos' correct."

We visited several cabins of the field hands on different plantations, and for my part I was astonished at the disorder and uncleanness they displayed. I never saw worse habitations, except the tepees of wild Indians. In the North it is noticeable that colored women keep their rooms tidy, and their children are particularly well cared for, as compared with the children of white persons in similar circumstances; but in these field cabins the conditions were reversed. Thus again we saw the line drawn between the mere laborers and the upper servants, for the maids and men at work in the planters' houses were usually smart in appearance and orderly in their work. The manner of treating the two classes was just as different. I had no opportunity to see any work performed in the fields, but the laborers on the boats and in the freight depots were "bossed" by mates of severe aspect and terrific voices, who distributed themselves where they could watch every "hand" at his work, and could spur them incessantly by shouts, and often by profanity. I heard a great deal about violence by these mates, but saw none exercised, and cannot say that their manner was unkindly in spirit. They simply acted on each crew as a pair of spurs are used on an unwilling horse.

In the cases of the house-servants there was a diametric change. Every born Southerner who was spoken to on the subject seemed to have in his employ some old and faithful servant, and all had enjoyed the care of some "mammy," either dead and tenderly remembered or alive and gently cared for. Stories of one-time slaves who had never left their former owners are still plenty, and reveal the attachment these better-class servants developed for their homes and masters. A brave general of the Confederacy told me a sample story of the pleasant side of the relations between the masters and slaves, as typical to-day as in slavery times. His body-servant had married just before leaving for the seat of war. Years passed, and one day the general said to the servant: "Tom, an officer is about to start for the neighborhood of our home. You have not seen your wife for a long while, and if you go with this officer, you will have a chance to visit or even to remain with her."

"Pshaw!" said the servant. "Tink I do dat? How on earth could you git along widout me? You must tink I goin' crazy."

And here is a story of to-day. It is about another general, who is fond of his cups. One day his body-servant, seeing that he was tipsy, took his watch and money for safe-keeping.

"See here," said the general. "You are taking a great deal of liberty with me. I'd like to know who is boss."

"Well, Marse ——," said the servant, "I reckon when you's sober, you's de boss; but when you's drunk, tings is different."

There is a very curious side to the relationship between the house-servants and the employers which has no counterpart among white persons of differing circumstances. An artist, looking about New Orleans for characteristic costumes to be used by models for his paintings, discovered that there are few second-hand clothing shops in that city, and that those which are there offer only the most ragged cast-off raiment of the negroes. The reason is that the white men and women give their clothing to the colored people—to servants or dependents—when it is no longer serviceable for them. Of course I cannot speak too generally or positively, but it seems to me that every man and woman is accustomed to make this use of his or her discarded goods, and that every white family has at least one colored family in charge in this way. The servants look upon this descent of clothing and finery as a right, and the dependents take it for granted that what remains shall be theirs. Everywhere I went I heard stories illustrative of this queer relation between the races. In a conversation about the reason for the common assertion that "all darkies will steal," a planter thus expressed himself:

"It is true that they all 'take things'," said he; "but they make a difference between stealing and taking. For instance, they will not steal money if you leave it on every mantel-piece and bureau in a house. It is the same with jewelry. They condemn such a theft as severely as we do. But they pilfer provisions and clothing with easy consciences. Servants are apt to have poor relatives or friends, to whom a never-ceasing stream of tea, sugar, flour, bacon, and other necessaries finds its way from your kitchen door. That is not stealing in their opinion, nor is it stealing to clothe themselves with your apparel if they need clothes, or if they imagine you have more than you require."

I heard two stories to illustrate this. In one case a servant was detected with a heavy basket going out of the garden gate. Asked what she was carrying away, she replied, "Nothing." Pressed to be more specific, she lifted the lid of the basket and exhibited a generous and miscellaneous load of selections from the larder. "Dey's nothing 'cept 'fluities," she said, meaning "superfluities." In another instance a man servant boldly appeared in his master's trousers. "I was 'shamed to see you hab 'em any longer," said he; "you done wore dem pants at leas' five year, an' I need 'em."

It is apparent that we in the North do not treat the colored people as our white brethren of the South do, but whether we know how to treat them is as difficult to decide as it is to discover what rules govern their treatment in the South. There the common laborers are ruled almost as severely as old-time sailors on a wooden packet, while the house-servants are permitted liberties and familiarities repugnant to our sense of what is fit between employer and "help."

I have not sought to discuss the merits of the political situation, or the probabilities of the negro's future in the South. They seem happy there in the main, and many who have emigrated to the West during recent "crazes," have toiled back again, singing of their love for "Dixie's land." Many Northern men established in business in the South declare that white men can never fill the place the colored man occupies as a general laborer there. The most serious question is that of the free ballot, but there are two sides to that. If we lived with our wives and children in a lonely planter's house in a region where a far ruder people outnumbered us ten to one, it is possible that we would get a glimpse of a side not visible from any Northern standpoint. But even then we might not see why the education of the colored man, the presence and example of newly imported European labor, the steady influx of new peoples and Northern capital should not some day alter the conditions there, and remove the complaints. Time is needed, and with it patience.

THE CICADA IN THE FIRS.

Charm of the vibrant, white, September sun—
  How tower the firs to take it, tranced and still!
  Their scant ranks crown the pale round pasture hill,
And watch, far down, the austere waters run
Their circuit thro' the serious marshes dun.
  No bird-call stirs the blue; but strangely thrill
  The blunt-faced brown cicada's wing-notes shrill,
A web of silver o'er the silence spun.

Oh, zithern-winged musician, whence it came
  I wonder, this insistent song of thine!
    Did once the highest string of summer's lyre,
Snapt on some tense note slender as a flame,
  Take form again in these vibrations fine
    That o'er the tranquil spheres of noon aspire?

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE RESTORATION OF DR. McGLYNN.

THE *causes célèbres* of either civil, criminal, or ecclesiastical courts usually draw their slow lengths through such long periods that before a final decision is reached in any of them the ordinary reader has forgotten how the case originated. This is particularly true of ecclesiastical cases, for the trial of them is conducted in a way confusing rather than enlightening to the lay mind. Every newspaper reader knows more or less of the suspension from priestly functions of the Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, for many years rector of St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church in New York, and President of the Anti-Poverty Society, of his excommunication from his Church, and quite recently of the removal of the ban against him and his restoration to the priesthood. It may be interesting now to review briefly the causes which led to what will long be known as the McGlynn case.

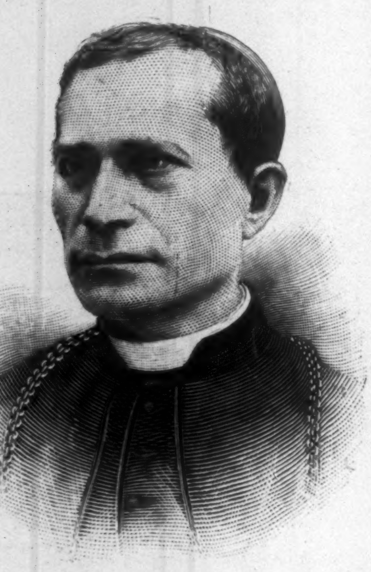
St. Stephen's Church was founded some forty years ago by the late Father Cummings, a very brilliant clergyman, who attracted to his services the brightest and smartest people in New York. His choir was the best in town, his sermons were eloquent, and the church under his management became known as the "fashionable" Catholic church. Among the least fashionable but most zealous of his parishioners were a contractor named McGlynn and his wife and a son, who was a student at the City College. Father Cummings took a great interest in this young Edward McGlynn, who, when he concluded to prepare for the priesthood, became a protégé of the rector of St. Stephen's. In due course young McGlynn went to the College of the Propaganda in Rome, and later became a prefect in the American College there. When he returned home to New York he served as assistant rector at one and another of the Catholic churches, as chaplain of the military hospital at Mount St. Vincent in Central Park, and then, at the instance of Father Cummings, whose health was failing, he was attached to St. Stephen's. When Father Cummings died in 1865, Father Edward McGlynn, who had made a reputation for pious zeal in his priestly work and uncommon eloquence in the pulpit, was appointed by the venerable Archbishop Hughes to be rector of St. Stephen's.

It was soon observed that the methods of the new rector were different from those of his predecessor. He was a man of warm impulses, and was not content that his church should merely be the gathering-place for fashionable folk who liked good music and polished preaching. He felt that there was more serious work to do among the poor and the needy than among those who fared sumptuously every day and clothed themselves in fine raiment. Under his administration, therefore, St. Stephen's became more and more a people's church, and when the differences between him and his ecclesiastical superiors arose in 1886 Dr. McGlynn's parish was one of the largest and best-ordered in New York.

In his work among the poor, Dr. McGlynn's attention was attracted by those economical questions which are vexing thinkers all over the world, and he became ambitious to assist in solving that difficult problem the factors in which are wealth and poverty, happiness and sin. Mr. Henry George's ideas appeared to Dr. McGlynn to be proper and practicable, and he became a convert to the doctrines defined and promulgated in Mr. George's well-known book *Progress and Poverty*. In 1886 Mr. Henry George was a candidate for Mayor of New York as the nominee of the Labor party, a party that favored a single tax on land. Opposed to Mr. George were Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, the nominee of Tammany Hall and the County Democrats, and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, the Republican candidate. The canvass was very spirited, and it looked much as though Mr. George would win a very large support from the voters ordinarily controlled by Tammany Hall

Dr. McGlynn was advertised to speak in favor of Mr. George's election. Dr McGlynn's popularity and the authority of his high character were felt by Mr. George's opponents to be dangerous to their interests. They therefore called the attention of Archbishop Corrigan to Dr. McGlynn's participation in the canvass, and suggested that the views he was advocating were contrary to the teachings of the Church. Dr. McGlynn's friends say that this charge was brought against him and urged by John D. Crimmins, Richard Croker, and Arthur Leary, of Tammany Hall, and that the influence of that political organization was sufficient to induce the Archbishop to adopt the views of the Wigwam. At any rate, during the day of the evening when Dr. McGlynn was to speak, he received a letter from the Archbishop requesting him not to address the meeting. Dr. McGlynn at once replied, asking the Archbishop to modify his request. The Doctor said that he had been advertised to speak, that it was too late to notify the people who would assemble to hear him that he could not speak, that his word as a man and as a citizen had been given, and he felt it his duty to keep his pledge. He said, however, that if the Archbishop objected to his further participation in the canvass, he would thereafter remain silent. No answer was received to this letter, and Dr. McGlynn addressed the meeting as he had planned to do.

In the course of a few days the Archbishop summarily suspended Dr. McGlynn from his priestly functions, and had him ejected from the house in which he had lived for a quarter of a century. The person who performed this ungrateful task was the late Father Donnelly, who is said to have acted with more zeal than politeness in executing the Archbishop's mandate. This created great dissensions in St. Stephen's parish, whose affairs for so long had been conducted by the suspended priest. There was even talk of violence against those who were called upon to take up Dr. McGlynn's work in the Church, and in many instances the love for the pastor proved stronger than the respect for the Archbishop's



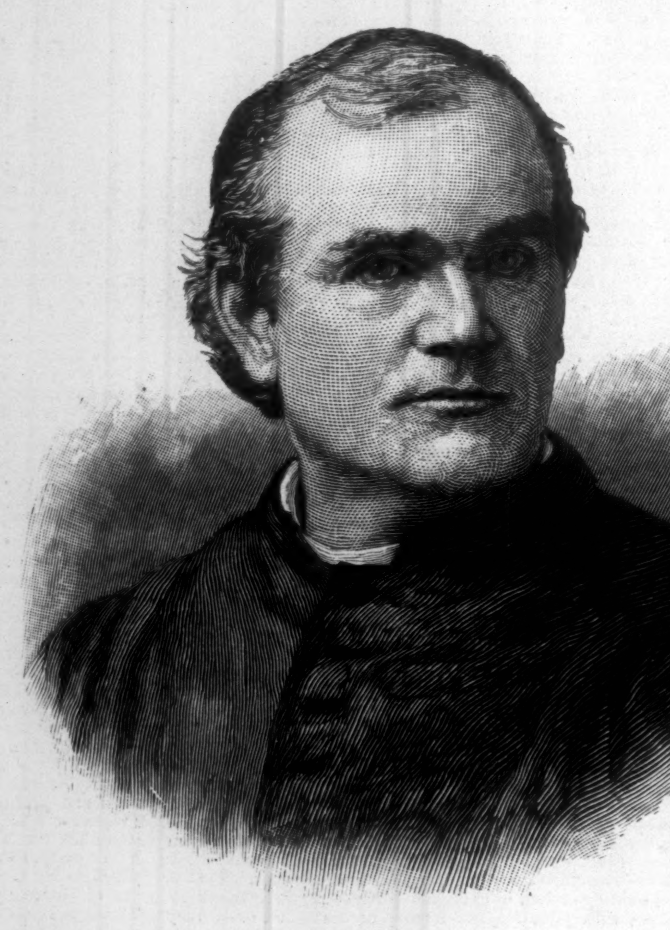
MONSIGNOR SATOLLI,
Archbishop of Lepanto and Apostolic Delegate in the United States.

authority. Dr. McGlynn left town, and for some time kept himself removed from public sight. The dissensions in St. Stephen's parish were felt by the high dignitaries of the diocese to be subversive of the interests of the Church, and the priests of the episcopal see were asked to sign a statement of the case, and a request that the late rector of St. Stephen's should be disciplined as severely as possible. A great many priests signed this document; but a few, among them such well-known men as Dr. Burtsell and Monsignor Ducey, declined to endorse either statement or request. Archbishop Corrigan sent this document to Rome as evidence that there was a rebellion in his diocese which should be suppressed at once. In the course of time he received authority from the Vatican to use his own discretion. With this authority he excommunicated Dr. McGlynn. He also removed Dr. Burtsell from the parish of the Epiphany to the parish at Rondout, and in many regards Monsignor Ducey in his work at St. Leo's, it is said, has been interfered with.

Dr. McGlynn, now being without the Church, organized the Anti-Poverty Society, and lectured in New York and other places on the land theories of Henry George and himself. They call the increased value in unimproved real estate an "unearned increment," and they maintain that this belongs not to the property-owner, but to the public, which should confiscate it with a tax. He has recently said:

"It is the unearned increment that in cities gives to lands without any improvements so great a value. This value represents and measures the advantages of opportunities produced by the community; and men, when not permitted to acquire the absolute dominion over such lands, will willingly pay the value of this unearned increment in the form of rent, just as men, when not permitted to own other men, will pay wages for desired services. The justice and the duty of appropriating this fund to public uses is apparent in that it takes nothing from the private property of individuals except what they will pay willingly as an equivalent for a value produced by the community, and which they are permitted to enjoy. The fund thus created is clearly, by the law of justice, a public fund, not merely because the value is a growth that comes to the natural bounties which God gave to the community in the beginning, but also, and much more, because it is a value produced by the community itself, so that this rental value belongs to the community by that best of titles, namely, producing, making, or creating. To permit any portion of this public property to go into private pockets without a perfect equivalent being paid into the public treasury would be an injustice to the community. Therefore the whole rental fund should be appropriated to common or public uses. While the tax on land values promotes industry, and therefore increases private wealth, taxes upon industry act like a fine or punishment inflicted upon industry. They impede and restrain and finally strangle it."

While Dr. McGlynn was advocating these doctrines there were continual rumors that his case was to be reviewed at Rome. He was invited to go to Rome and submit himself to the Church. He replied that he would go to Rome if he were informed what he was to do after he got there, but that he could not appear there as a deposed priest asking clemency for sins that he knew not of. His evidence was in America, and until he knew what he was to disprove he could not gather it. In all that he did he was now advised by Dr. Burtsell, a man very learned in ecclesiastical law and precedents.



THE REV. EDWARD McGLYNN, D.D.,
President of the Anti-Poverty Society, and formerly Rector of St. Stephen's Church, in New York.

When the Catholic Congress met in Baltimore about four years ago, Monsignor Satolli, Archbishop of Lepanto, came to America as the representative of the Pope. In Monsignor Satolli the Pope reposes the most implicit confidence. Satolli was a pupil in the seminary at Perugia when the present Pope was only Professor Pecci. When Professor Pecci became a Cardinal, Satolli was a Benedictine monk at Monte Casino. When Cardinal Pecci became Pope Leo XIII., one of his first acts was to appoint Satolli Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the Propaganda. Later he was made Archbishop. The papal delegate to the congress in Baltimore reported to the Vatican on the general condition of the Church in America, and probably also on many special cases, and among others on the famous McGlynn case.

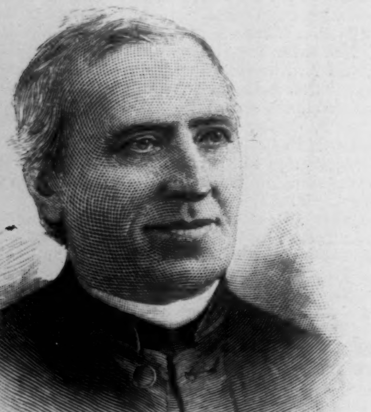
Last autumn, when the World's Columbian Fair was to be dedicated, the Pope sent Monsignor Satolli again to America to represent him at the ceremonies in Chicago, and also to act as special legate in the McGlynn and other cases. The Apostolic Delegate arrived in time to witness the Columbian celebration in New York and also in Chicago, and then he took up his residence at the Catholic University in Washington. He heard the McGlynn case, and just before Christmas rendered his decision in favor of the deposed priest, who was restored to the communion of the Church. On Christmas day Dr. McGlynn celebrated mass for the first time since his excommunication. He also addressed the Anti-Poverty Society. He expressed great joy at the restoration of his priestly functions, but made no apology for the actions which led to his Archbishop's disapproval, nor did he retract any of the views that he so stoutly maintained while he was outside the Church. Instead of retracting anything, he has continued to maintain his views, and in a recent address has defended them because they were in harmony with the Pope's encyclical, *Novarum Rerum*, on the condition of labor. From the encyclical he quoted, "All agree, and there can be no question whatever, that some remedy must be found, and quickly found, for the misery and wretchedness that press so heavily at this moment on the large majority of the very poor." Commenting on this, Dr. McGlynn said, "Large masses of men and women—those who have to do the hardest work—are compelled to work for the smallest possible compensation, because of the failure of our present social adjustments and laws to secure to them the right of labor and to enjoy the fruits of their labor, and they are thus left defenceless to the callousness of employers and the greed of unrestrained competition. Surely it is well worthy of Christians, and most of all of Christian ministers and priests, for the love of God and of His Christ, for the love of those who are stamped with the very image of God by nature, redeemed by Christ's blood, and in His new order of grace called to a supernatural adoption of sonship and union with God, and a closer and holier communion among themselves, to seek to right these wrongs, to denounce them in the very name of God, and to demand the remedy in the name of the law of justice which is the holy will of God. Surely it would ill become ministers of Christ even to seem to deprecate or oppose the abolition of the poverty that flows from these wrongs, or to thwart or denounce any honest and lawful effort to abolish them."

In Church politics there have been in the diocese of New York since 1886 two parties, the Corrigan party and the McGlynn party. The leaders of the parties, the Archbishop and the former rector of St. Stephen's, have neither one talked publicly about the reasons that led to the decision of the case. But the friends of these leaders have not been silent by any means. Archbishop Corrigan's friends caused the publication, the very same day that Dr. McGlynn's restoration was announced, of extracts from the speeches made by Dr. McGlynn while he was under the ban of the Church. These extracts, separated from the context of the speeches from which they are quoted, sound very much as though Dr. McGlynn had spoken quite disrespectfully of the high dignitaries of the Church, and even of the Pope himself. The Archbishop's friends, among whom Mr. John D. Crimmins, of Tammany Hall, appears to be the most outspoken, say that the appointment of Monsignor Satolli as papal legate in America was brought about through the intrigues of Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, who has transgressed all rules of ecclesiastical etiquette in interfering in the affairs of a see not under his jurisdiction. These friends further charge that the papal legate is under the influence in this country of Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Keane, of the Catholic University, and Cardinal Gibbons, and while under such influence incapable of doing justice to Archbishop Corrigan.

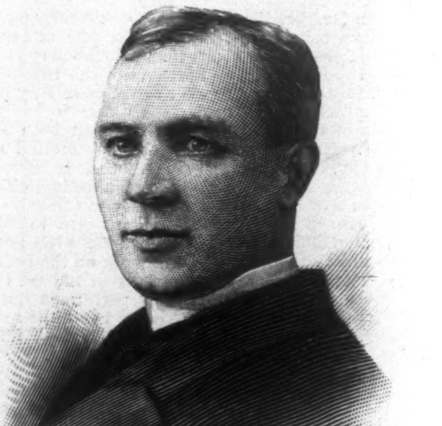
On the other hand, the friends of Dr. McGlynn say that the decision of Monsignor Satolli is a condemnation of tyrannical and unjust methods employed by Archbishop Corrigan, who, they say, has deliberately deceived the authorities in Rome as to the nature and extent of Dr. McGlynn's offending. They say, too, that what they call a discovery of Archbishop Corrigan's double-dealing and paltering with the truth will prevent the Pope from ever again giving him his confidence, and will lead either to an abridgment of the Archbishop's authority or to his resignation. They further say that Archbishop Corrigan was studied in his discourtesy to Archbishop Satolli when the latter arrived here in October, and before the Archbishop of New York knew the nature of the commission that brought the Italian prelate to America.

While the friends of the two parties speak in such heated fashion, the two principals are much cooler of utterance. Dr. McGlynn says he is unfeignedly glad to be back in the Church, and the Archbishop has written the following for publication: "The Archbishop has learned with great pleasure the good news of the return of Dr. McGlynn to the communion of the Church. At the proper time he will not fail to express to the Most Reverend Delegate Apostolic his thankfulness for the good offices his Excellency has rendered in the premises."

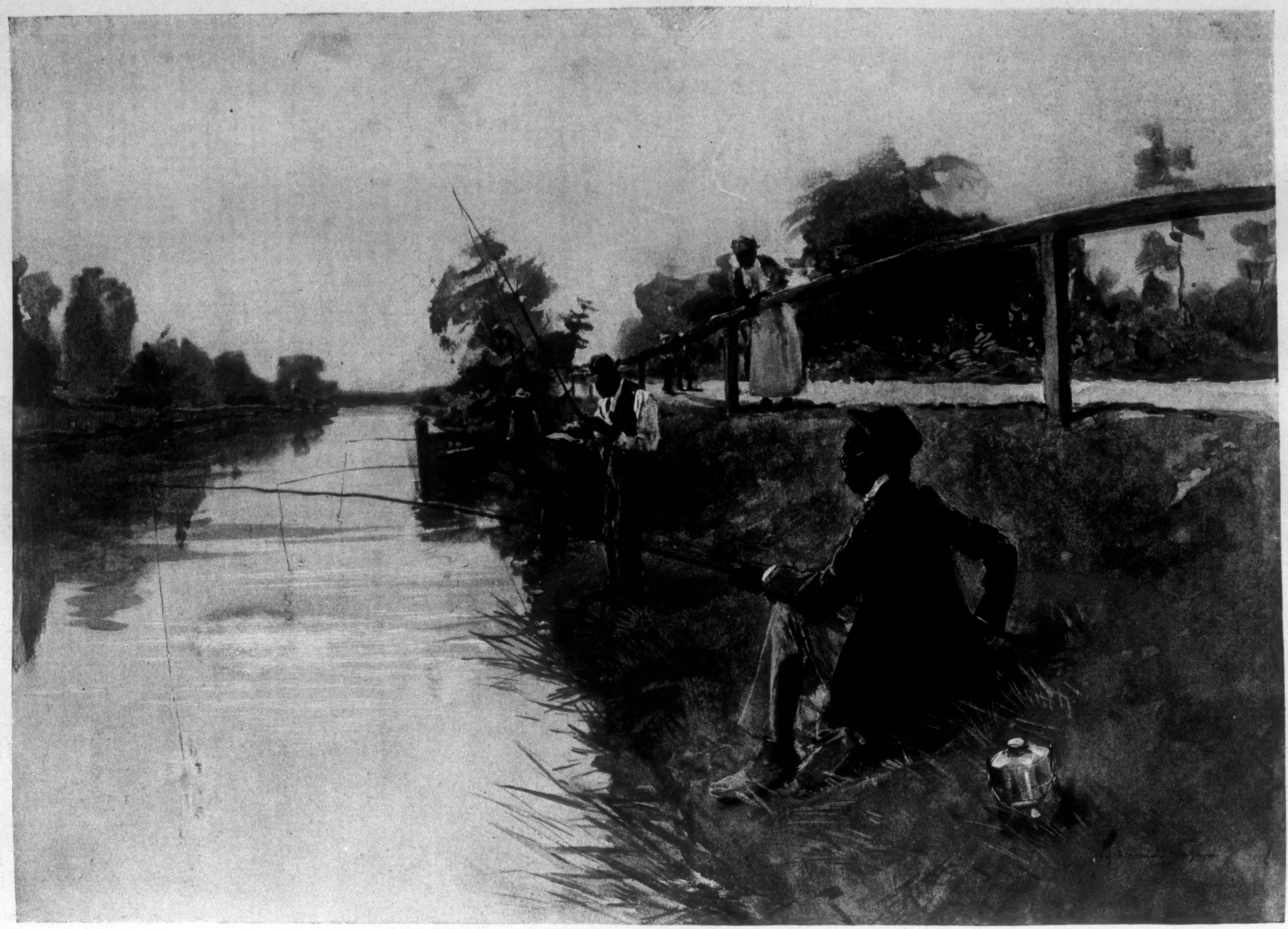
But for all these smooth words the incident can scarcely be said to have come to an end. Dr. McGlynn is a priest without a charge, and his friends are undisguised enemies of the Archbishop, while the friends of the latter repay the animosity of Dr. McGlynn's adherents with a full measure of hate. The case, even as it now stands, is a subject of bitter controversy and discussion in every Catholic rectory and household in New York. Neither priests nor laymen care to be quoted publicly in any discussion of the matter, but privately they will talk all day and all night with the heat and the feeling that lead to hard words and indiscreet allegations. The writer asked one clergyman if he did not think that the prolongation of the incident would be hurtful to the Church. "Not at all," he answered; "it must be prolonged until the questions involved are clearly settled. If clergymen are to be treated like babies, and bishops are to be as tyrannical as they choose, without regard to reason or ecclesiastical law, then the priesthood is not a proper place for a man of independent spirit or of gentlemanlike feeling. Such men will not care to go into the priesthood, and the places of such will be taken by mean-spirited cravens who take pleasure in kissing the hands that smite them. The principles of the Church are not in the least involved in the controversy. It is but a question of men and methods, and if the good men triumph and the bad methods are suppressed, the incident will have done great good."



MONSIGNOR IRELAND,
Archbishop of St. Paul.



MONSIGNOR DUCEY,
Rector of St. Leo's Church in New York.



PLANTATION NEGROES.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 38.]

UP THE RIO SAN JUAN.

(*Continued from page 34.*)

wonder that the ancients peopled their forests and the very air with supernatural beings. The river grows still narrower. The trees seem to meet. Passing under skeleton branches you startle a huge vampire-bat, which flits by almost sweeping you from the deck with its cold uncanny wings.

Such is night upon a tropic stream—a union of the picturesque and the weird.

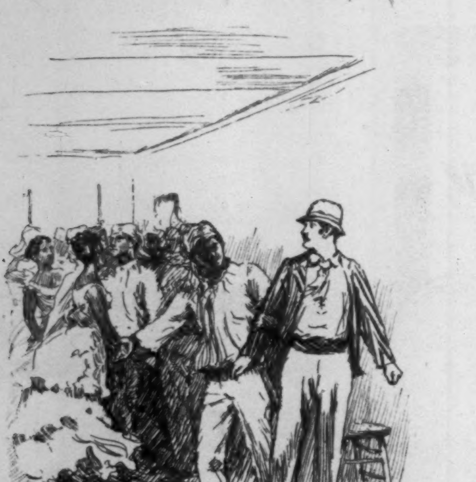
At daylight we were abreast of the island of Bartola, upon which traces of the fortifications erected by the English in 1780 still exist. A little after sunrise the ramparts of Castillo Viejo confronted us, not more than two miles away. As we approached the village, the populace gathered at the water's edge. Men and women, under the shade of lime-trees, curiously watched us. A herd of cattle were grazing on the hill-side across the river, and the bright sunlight upon the low thatched huts made a soft scene of peace and contentment away from the noise and din of traffic.

We found the little Indian village in a state of great excitement, owing to the arrival of the priest, who from time to time makes a pilgrimage for the purpose of doing the marrying and christening. Though the good *padre* is often called upon to invert the orthodox order of these ceremonies, and baptize a multitude of children before performing even the semblance of a marriage, his flock seem devout in every other duty. They pray morning and evening, reverently bend the knee at the sound of the angelus bell, and cannot be persuaded for love or money to taste a morsel of meat on Friday. Could not this religious fervor teach much to a more enlightened civilization where hypocrisy and heartless fashion hold sway, and wedlock is but a stepping-stone to social ambition? Is not the union of these savage lives, sanctified by real affection, more acceptable to the Great Master than many modern so-called marriages? Will He not judge with leniency sins that owe their birth to climate and blood rather than to natural depravity?

Whatever may be said of the natives of Castillo, they certainly possess one attribute that is not far removed from godliness, for the river-front is lined with women and children "from early dawn till set of sun," washing either dishes, clothing, or themselves. As the crow flies, Castillo is twenty miles from Greytown; as the San Juan runs, it is thrice this, so my time there was limited to twenty-four hours. It was more from historic association than any other that I became interested in the place, and I therefore seized the first opportunity to visit the old fort under the battlements of which Lord Nelson first distinguished himself.

English annals are rather silent, however, regarding the defeat of the British forces in 1769, and have little to say about the unfortunate expedition of 1780. Out of 200 men only ten survived the siege, disease, and other casualties. The fort was almost impregnable, and such a gallant resistance did the Spaniards offer, under Juan de Ayssa, that when it was finally captured, their enemies allowed them to march out with colors flying. The English held it only a few months, however, when they retired to Jamaica. Squier says Lord Collingwood apologizes for the failure of the expedition on the ground that "it was formed without a knowledge of the country, and presented difficulties not to be surmounted by human skill and perseverance. It was dangerous to proceed on the river from the rapidity of the current, and the numerous falls over rocks and intercepted navigation; the climate, too, was deadly, and no constitution could resist its effects." The fort formerly known as San Juan is an imposing structure built upon the crest of a steep hill 150 feet above the river. I found everything in a remarkable state of preservation, owing to the absence of frost, which destroys masonry more rapidly than any other known agent.

In the evening an official high in rank, who, I afterwards learned, was instructed by President Carazo to extend to me every possible courtesy, called at my quarters and said, "Estoy á su disposicion, señor" (I am at your service, sir). In Spanish countries this means little or nothing; in other words, I was to amuse myself as best I could. This fellow, to his credit be it said, however, did more than I had any reason to expect; indeed, his presence and that of a little band of semi-nude warriors at a fandango, arranged in my honor, saved me from the blow of a machete in the hands of an infuriated Indian.



"Why no dance? I have pretty sister here, and she want you."

If my hopes were raised when I heard of the approaching *baile*, what must they have been when the sound of martial music awoke me from an after-dinner siesta? My man informed me that the soldiers were outside on their way to the village hall. The question uppermost in my mind was, what should I wear? I had with me a new dress suit, a hunting outfit, and a tennis costume of dazzling brilliancy. It was almost a foregone conclusion that I would paralyze the Castillians with a swallow-tailed coat, when my friend entered and insisted upon my going dressed, or rather undressed, as I was. He had never seen anything in Castillo that would take so well as those new silk pajamas, and I am forced to admit that they did speak for themselves. The ladies, he informed me, would wear very little more, and as for the men—well, they dressed as the fancy struck them. Despite his earnest entreaties, I compromised on a flannel shirt, a pair of white duck trousers, and a blazer in which all the colors of the spectrum blended harmoniously. Thus rigged for the fandango, my friend and I, preceded by a few ragged soldiers, and followed by a noisy crowd of naked children, sauntered through the single street of the village.

The hall—an old bar-room, the floor of which had been swept and neatly sanded—was moored on four piles over the river, where the cooling trade-wind might temper the heat of the dance. No one had yet arrived, so we stood at the counter drinking tafia as the soldiers fixed their bayonets.

"You see, we never enjoy a feast in Castillo without the military," said the Comandante, who had joined us, as his men began to group themselves around the room. "It would not be safe," he continued, "for the Costa-Ricans might attack us at any moment; and then when either the men or women get too full of tafia, nothing but a bayonet can bring them to their senses."

With this cheering prospect in view for an evening's entertainment, I stood near an open window and watched the motley crowd.

"Adios, Señor Comandante; adios, caballero," was the musical greeting softly whispered from lips that needed no rouge to make them blush the traditional hue of the peach. The women were symphonies in black, yellow, and brown; and their costumes, if such they might be called, were marvels of brilliant colors. A low-cut bodice or chemise, made out of a kind of mosquito-net cloth, through which glistened their dark skins, a loose-fitting skirt of some conspicuous hue, a red sash, and a few scarlet passion-flowers completed their ball attire. The men seemed to care less about their personal appearance, if the fact that they wore less is any criterion. Some sauntered in with shoes, some without. They all wore the native uniform, however, a towel around the head. Now and then a pair of modern check trousers almost made me feel the bleak winds that I knew must be then sweeping up the Bowery. As the hall gradually filled up, the guests aimlessly meandered from one end to the other, the counter forming a nucleus around which gathered the *élite* of Castillo.

Three unseen musicians now began to make the night hideous, their instruments of torture being a bass-drum, a fife, and a wire-strung guitar, from which issued sounds like a chorus of mosquitoes. Each gallant seized a female, without saying so much as "by your leave," and made a few antelope bounds across the floor. Dense volumes of tobacco smoke, mingled with clouds of sand, soon filled the air. The voices grew louder, and clinking glasses almost drowned the strains of the dance. Still the revelry continued, for the night was yet young. The dancers seemed to tire. Not so the musicians. They were paid to play, and play they must. At the end of fifteen minutes I became restless. A half-hour passed, an hour, and still the music neither ceased nor changed. As soon as my friend had left the room, with the belle of the ball on his arm, the Comandante followed with another equally pretty young girl. Whenever it looked as though the whole affair was going to degenerate into a free fight, the soldiers soon brought the unruly dancers to order by striking the butts of their muskets on the floor.

Glad of the opportunity to be alone, I wandered over to a window near the river. As I stood there and contrasted the strange scene before me with the last "Charity Ball" at the Metropolitan Opera-house, a rum-inflated Indian walked up and affectionately put his arm through mine. "Very dear and respected friend," he began, "why no dance? I have pretty sister here, and she want you dance with her. Give me four medios" (twenty cents), "and she is your lady."

I promptly declined this generous offer and moved across the room. The fellow still followed, however, insisting upon my taking a drink of tafia with him to show there was no hard feeling. Finding himself again refused, he went away. It was getting late, but the musicians were still earning their money. The band had rested only once during the evening, and then just long enough to gain strength for a fresh attack and obtain an ample supply of rum. The drum virtuoso could scarcely stand; in fact, found it difficult to see the head of his instrument. The dancers became more excited, likewise the musicians. Wild and fantastic strains echoed throughout the hall. But the climax was reached when the manipulator of the bass-drum missed his aim and struck the fife-player a vicious blow on the head that almost stunned him. Now the music ceased, and a free fight ensued, the friends of each championing their man.

Discretion taught me that it was time to retire; but just as I reached the door, the drunken fellow who had previously annoyed me stood there with a savage glare in his dark eyes. Glancing at my blazer, he said, in an insulting tone, "Very dear and respected friend, I like much your fancy coat. What you will sell to me for?"

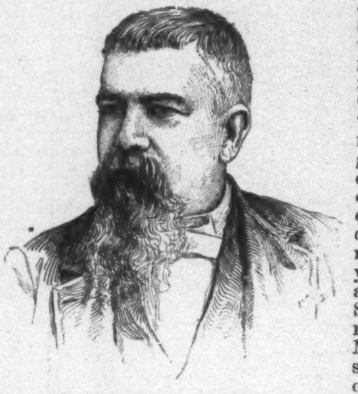
I informed him that my coat was not for sale, and started to move away. He was determined to get into a fight, however, and with this end in view grabbed at my right arm, tearing away part of the sleeve. For the first time since my arrival in Nicaragua I was without a revolver, and at a time when I most needed one. There was nothing within sight but a small stool, which I quickly caught by the feet and swung aloft. As soon as the Indian saw this, he reached down and drew from his sash a long machete. Before he could raise his arm, however, my friend and the Comandante, who had just entered, seized the fellow and turned him over to the soldiers.

Thus ended a memorable fandango that shall ever be recalled as I hear the San Juan breaking over the rapids, and look upon the green hills of Castillo, peaceful home of the simple-minded Indians.

PERSONAL.

THE department of Music and the Drama has been omitted this week owing to the production last week in Boston of Mr. **REGINALD DE KOVEN**'s and Mr. **A. B. SMITH**'s new comic opera, *The Knickerbocker*, which required all the time and the personal supervision of both of these gentlemen. Now that that has been successfully accomplished, Mr. **DE KOVEN** will return to his real work in life, which is writing for this paper.

—The Egypt Exploration Fund Society, at its recent annual meeting, held in London, elected **CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER** to succeed the late **GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS** as its Honorary Vice-President. This is the only honorary office in connection with the society, and was first conferred upon **JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL** while he was United States Minister at the court of St. James. Upon the death of Mr. **LOWELL**, Mr. **CURTIS** was chosen as his successor. The office, therefore, although not, probably, created especially for citizens of this country, has thus far been held only by Americans.



SENATOR DONELSON CAFFERY.

—**DONELSON CAFFERY**, whom Governor **FOSTER**, of Louisiana, has appointed United States Senator to take the seat made vacant by the death of General **RANDALL L. GIBSON**, like the Governor, was born and reared in St. Mary's Parish. His birth occurred on the 10th day of September, 1835. He was the son of **DONELSON CAFFERY**, a native of Bedford County, Virginia, who was a prominent Louisiana sugar-planter and an early-century politician, and a nephew of the wife of President **JACKSON**. He resided for some years at Hermitage before going South. Young **CAFFERY**'s mother, Miss **MURPHY**, was the sister of the mother of Governor **FOSTER**, who is therefore Senator **CAFFERY**'s cousin. Mr. **CAFFERY** was an aggressive factor in the election of Governor **FOSTER**, and one of the most unyielding and sturdy opponents of the lottery in the campaign which saw its death in Louisiana.

CHARLES A. CAPPA.

—**CHARLES A. CAPPA**, the band-master of the Seventh Regiment, who died last week, was the son of a major in the Sardinian army who served under **NAPOLEON BONAPARTE**. **CAPPA** himself was for six years a soldier in the Italian army, and went to the front with the Seventh Regiment during our civil war. His last appearance at the head of his band was on November 3d at Carnegie Music Hall.

—**WILLIAM SCHAUS**, the well-known picture-dealer, for some time retired, died last week at his home in this city. He was a dealer of much taste and knowledge in art, and his business was of international importance. In 1879 he caused the return to Spain of **MURILLO**'s "Vision of Saint Anthony," which had been stolen from the cathedral at Seville. For this service he was decorated with the order of **CHARLES** III. The French government for other services made him a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

WILLIAM SCHAUS.

THE BUSINESS END OF POETRY.

CUDGELWIT, who lately sold rather a conspicuous poem to a periodical, reports that there was one thing that every one who was exceptionally interested either in him or in the poem wanted to know, and that was how much he got for it. "It makes you feel," he averred, with a very slight affectation of fine disdain, "as if verse-making had got down pretty near a business basis."

There is nothing particularly new about that, since long ago a great poem was defined as a poem that would fetch a hundred dollars; but Cudgelwit said that his experience had brought home to him how much price is respected as a measure of value. It had given him, he declared, a distinct idea of his attainments as a versifier. At present, he explained, his product is marketable, in such quantities as he is able to turn out, at $\$\frac{x}{2}$ a line. If he should find presently that he was able to get $x a line, he would realize that diligence and conscientious effort were getting their reward, and that his reputation was increasing. If the rate of compensation fell to $\$\frac{x}{4}$, he would understand that he was deteriorating, and very likely in that case he would diminish his output. If he ever found that he could get $10x a line, he would conclude that he was a very good poet; at $25x a line, he would set up to be great; and if his fresh work should ever attain a lineal valuation of $50x, he would confidently assume to be inspired.

Cudgelwit's experience is probably not exceptional. Public interest in the business end of poetry has always been out of all proportion to the sums of money involved. People have speculated about what Homer got, wondered what was the precise allowance that Mæcenas made to Horace, computed the sum of Chaucer's salaries and perquisites, assessed Shakespeare's income, and groaned over the memorable three pounds that Milton gained from "Paradise Lost." There is the same sort of interest in reckoning up the sums that Scott received for his narrative poems that there is in counting up the cash value of a find of buried treasure; and the story of how Macaulay gave to his publishers the copyright of his "Lays," as too trifling a thing to become a matter of business, ranks with the tales of men who threw away Pennsylvanian farms just before the oil began to spout through the holes in them. Indeed, money made out of poetry has very much of a treasure-trove quality about it anyway, and to win it in considerable quantities strikes the lay observer as the very next thing to finding the gold in the pocket at the end of the rainbow. The record in the poets' cash-books, however, often disappoints the sense of justice. Some very great poets got very meagre prices, and some very small poets got very large ones. The price of verse, like the price of bread-stuffs or terrapin, seems to be regulated by the state of the market.

Professional poets who expect to get rich out of the practice of their profession should base their hopes, as should all professional men, on their ability to get paid for what they know and for what is known about them, rather than merely for what they actually do. An eminent lawyer can charge five hundred dollars for drawing a will, for which one less distinguished would think twenty dollars liberal payment. In such a case the eminent lawyer sells twenty dollars' worth of work and four hundred and eighty dollars' worth of reputation. There is not much promise of wealth in poetry, even at so liberal a rate of compensation as twenty dollars for a short poem; but if a professional poet can get five hundred dollars for a twenty-dollar poem, his chance of commanding the comforts of life is comparable to that of a fairly successful lawyer. In such a case he gets twenty dollars for the poem, and four hundred and eighty dollars for the power of his name to make a hundred thousand people want to read it.

To all poets who desire to make poetry maintain them there is abundant encouragement in the business career of the late Lord Tennyson. He was a professional poet who never did anything for a living except poetry, yet it is averred, on trustworthy authority, that for several decades his professional income was between five thousand pounds and ten thousand pounds a year. That was a good deal of money for a poet to earn. For it must be remembered that a poet does not sell his poetry outright, but only the usufruct of it. A soap-dealer sells a box of soap, and the buyer carries it off and uses it up; but the poet only sells permission to print his verses and sell copies of them. His poems are as much his after a hundred thousand people have bought and read them as they were when the ink they were written in was still wet. He is better off in that respect than even his brother the painter, whose picture passes out of his hands when he sells it, and though the purchaser doesn't ordinarily use it up, he may bury it alive in his back parlor if he so wills.

But that is no reason why the poet should not get just as much for the use of his poetry as it can be induced to yield. The notion that the true poet is not interested in the commercial side of his work is not borne out by the facts. Tennyson, a true poet, as will not be denied, was quite as thrifty as a successful grocer, and took the keenest interest in making sure that the tribute an appreciative public was willing to yield him went into his own pockets with the least possible diminution in transit. In that particular he was an example to all poets, great or small, who can turn out marketable verse. The more they are able to induce the public to pay for their wares, the more likely the public is to be impressed with the value of them. If they are conscientious poets, they will never do less than their best, and never write bad poetry at any price. But if their output has true merit, and represents their highest effort, once it is ready for the market it is eminently sensible to try to get the highest market-price for it.

THE ROUMANIAN MARRIAGE.

THE old residential castle of the Hohenzollern family at Sigmaringen, some ten miles south of Stuttgart, was once more the scene of great state functions on Tuesday of this week, when Prince Ferdinand, the second son of the head of the house, and heir-presumptive to the Roumanian throne, was married to Princess Marie of Edinburgh, eldest daughter of Prince Alfred of Great Britain and Marie Alexandrowna, only daughter of Czar Alexander II.

Prince Ferdinand is the young man who two summers ago attained something like Continental celebrity as the persistent lover of Mlle. Hélène Varescue, first lady-in-waiting to the Queen-poetess Carmen Sylva. Heroic means had to be adopted to rid him of his infatuation, that threatened to cost his uncle, King Carlos, throne and country, but he took his time about giving up his old plebeian love for his newly betrothed princess—which is not at all bad in a royal highness—and it is to be hoped that he will persevere in the narrow path of virtue and good sense hereafter.

Princess Marie is a healthy young lady of excellent qualities of heart and mind, somewhat Germanized by her frequent and prolonged visits to Coburg, which duchy her brother means to inherit some fine day not far off, but withal English to the backbone in questions relating to domestic management, social ambition, and, to use an Americanism, grit. In short, she is just the wife for the dreamy-faced, handsome, and slightly unsophisticated "Landjunker," whom the irony of fate destined to reign over a semi-barbaric race.

The wedding was made the occasion for reviving the sovereign traditions of the old Hohenzollern principality. The city of Sigmaringen—nay, the whole fourteen square miles of country—that once belonged to the petty ruler, wore festive garb, the streets were gay with bunting and evergreens, and everybody among the sixty thousand burghers who considered himself anybody left the day's work to his "inferiors," and made merry with his "betters." The principal marriage service was held at the Catholic parish church, a pretentious Gothic edifice, connected with the castle by a covered gallery. The princes of Hohenzollern are devout Catholics, and by special order of Pope Leo XIII. several high functionaries of the Roman Church were in attendance at the ceremony. These services over, the illustrious assemblage, which comprised, aside from the members of the immediate families, representatives of all the reigning houses of Europe, repaired to the little Lutheran chapel at another end of the town, where the knot was tied a second time by a preacher of the High Church of England. The Duke of Edinburgh gave his daughter away, who was attended by her three sisters. Prince Charles Anthony of Hohenzollern was best man.

The young couple intend to spend their honey-moon in Roumania, but on their way to Bucharest will make a lengthy stay at the Vienna Hofburg, by special invitation of the Emperor Francis Joseph, quite an unforeseen honor, that came to them as a pleasant surprise on their wedding eve.

HENRY W. FISCHER.

AN ARMY OF AILMENTS

Lies in ambush for persons who postpone reforming a disordered condition of the stomach, liver, and bowels. For unhealthful conditions of these organs, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a sovereign remedy, and against the ills to which they give rise an adequate defence. Be on time if you are troubled with indigestion, liver complaint, or constipation. The Bitters will cure these, as well as malarial, nervous, and kidney ailments.—[*Adv.*]

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WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
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presents a new and valuable food beverage. It is delicious to the taste and highly nutritious.—[*Adv.*]

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NOTHING contributes more to digestion than the use of Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

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Two Stepping Stones

to consumption are ailments we often deem trivial—a cold and a cough. Consumption thus acquired is rightly termed "Consumption from neglect."

Scott's Emulsion

not only stops a cold but it is remarkably successful where the cough has become deep seated.

Scott's Emulsion is the richest of fat-foods yet the easiest fat-food to take. It arrests waste and builds up healthy flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

Smiles are becoming only when the Lips Display Pretty Teeth.

The shells of the ocean yield no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable Dentifrice, Fragrant

SOZODONT

which hardens and invigorates the GUMS, purifies and perfumes the BREATH, beautifies and preserves the TEETH, from youth to old age.

By those who have used it it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth, without injuring the enamel.

Persons afraid to laugh, lest they should disclose the discoloration of their teeth, have only to brush them every day with fragrant

SOZODONT,

in order to remove the blemish. No article for the toilet possesses a greater claim to public confidence, and to few are accorded such a large share of public favor.

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CERTAIN ADVERTISEMENTS FROM TRADE RIVALS,
who fear the phenomenal success of

Van Houten's Cocoa

in America, contain innuendoes against it, and appeal to the authority of Dr. SYDNEY RINGER, *Professor of Medicine at University College, London. Author of the Standard "Handbook of Therapeutics."*

This eminent physician ACTUALLY writes as follows:—

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The quotations in certain advertisements from my book on Therapeutics are quite misleading and cannot possibly apply to VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA."

The false reflection on VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA *is thus effectually repelled and the very authority cited to injure it, has thereby been prompted to give it a very handsome testimonial.*

Arnold Constable & Co

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Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, Laces, and Veilings.

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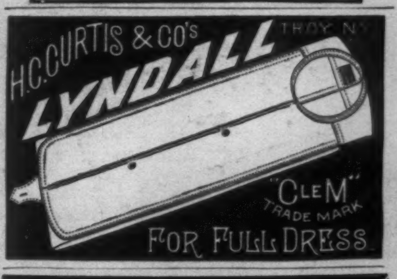

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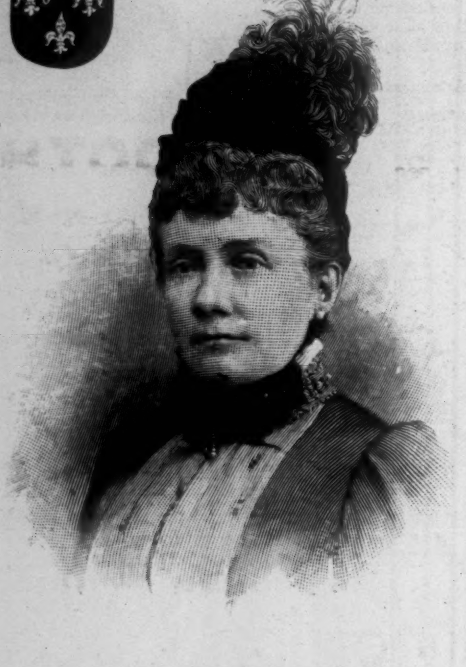


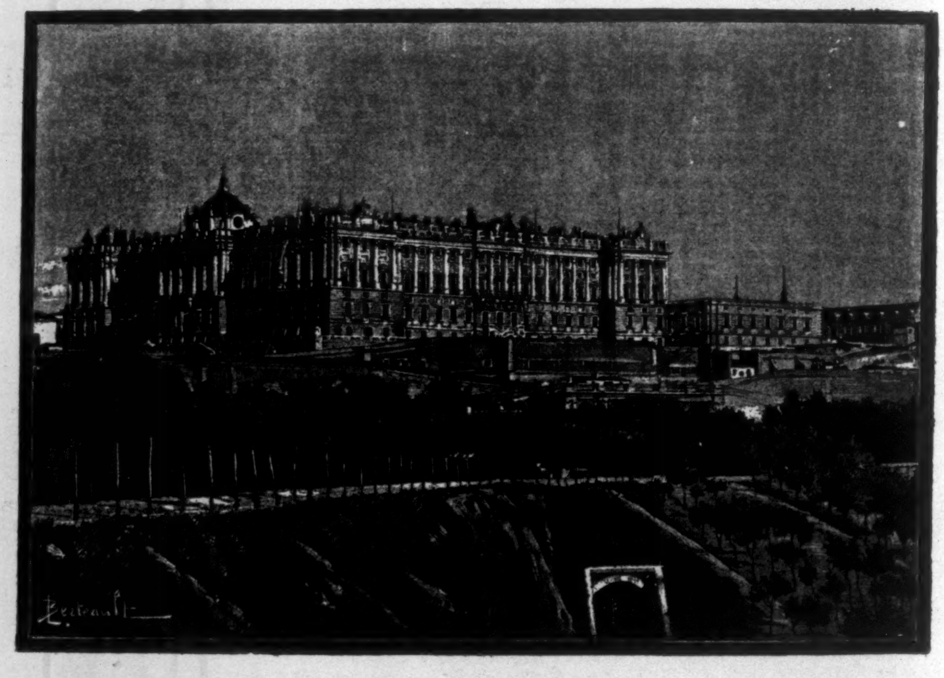
DOÑA MARIA, INFANTA OF SPAIN,
Who will visit the Columbian Exposition this Spring.

A ROYAL VISITOR TO THE WORLD'S FAIR.

HER Royal Highness the Serenisima Señora Infanta of Spain, Doña Maria Isabel de Borbon y Borbon, who is the eldest sister of the deceased King Don Alfonso XII., and consequently the aunt of the present King, has announced her intention of visiting the World's Fair shortly after its opening. As the Infanta has been connected with many of the important events of Spanish history during the latter half of this century, the promised visit of her Royal Highness will be doubly interesting. She was born in the Royal Palace of Madrid, on the 20th of December, 1851, and married to a Sicilian prince, his Highness the Count of Girgenti, who died within a short time. During the revolution in Spain the Infanta Isabel joined Queen Isabella II. in Paris. Being endowed with high courage, she helped to make more bearable the exile of her august parents and brothers during those sad days in the Palais de Castille, when the royal family of Spain felt more grief for the misfortunes of their country than for their own troubles. After the restoration of the legitimate monarchy, and on the return of Alfonso XII. to the throne of his ancestors, the King was accompanied by the Infanta Isabel, who shared with her royal brother, justly called "The Peacemaker," the triumphs of the first years of his short but most glorious reign. She crowned with laurel the victorious King who had terminated the civil wars that had ravaged his Basque provinces, Navarra, and his island of Cuba, consoling at the same time those he had subdued. Knowing them only as her countrymen, she gave them her treasures together with her love and protection.

Some time afterwards King Alfonso married his first cousin, the daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, the beautiful Queen Mercedes, and upon the early death of the Queen the Infanta was a great consolation to her bereaved brother, whom she dearly loved. After he died she devoted herself in turn to his august widow, the present Queen Regent of Spain, Doña Maria Cristina, a model Queen, wife, and mother, and the perpetuator on the throne of St. Ferdinand of the traditions of Doña Maria de Molina. The Infanta Isabel has always been the constant companion of the Regent and of the baby King. The Spanish people, and particularly the people of Madrid, idolize her because charity is her first virtue, and her constant thought is to help the poor and comfort the unfortunate. To this purpose she devotes most of her income, sustaining hospitals and asylums, and supplements this work with her personal visits to the poor and sick. She is also patroness of all Spanish industries and arts. Enthusiastically fond of music, and of all the fine arts, she presides over concerts, and constantly organizes exhibitions, being always surrounded by the leading authors and artists. She knows by heart the gems of the rich classical Spanish literature, as well as most of the modern, and is acquainted with the work of other countries. She speaks Portuguese, French, Italian, English, and German as fluently as her own language, and her conversation is very bright and full of talent.

Some of her leisure hours are devoted to sport, of which she is also extremely fond. A daring rider, she appears in her pink coat, honoring the hunts at the club La Venta de la Rubia, near Madrid, during the winter at most of the meetings, and in autumn enjoys the stag-hunting in the wild hills of Riofrio, near the Palacio de la Granja. Her Highness is also very fond of driving, which she does to perfection, even with the most spirited four-in-hand.

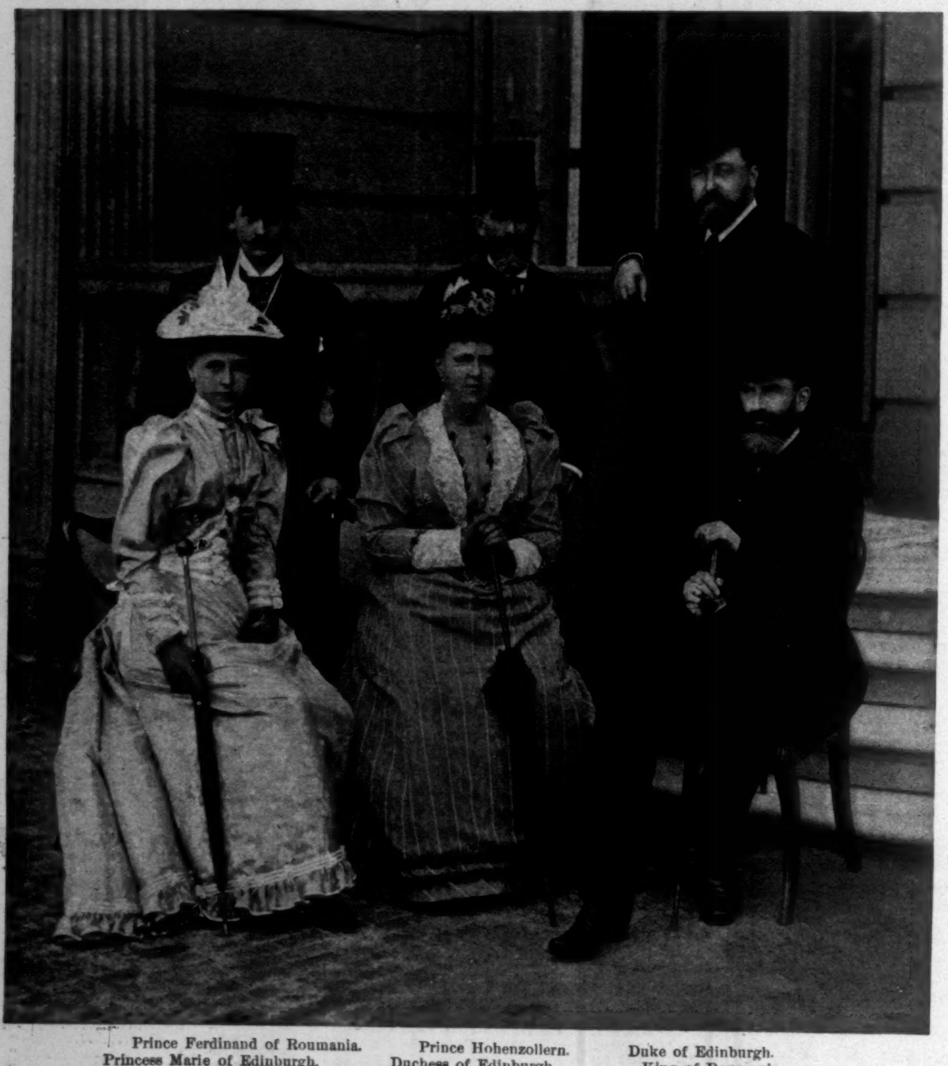


THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.

Distinguished and highly cultivated, but, above all, charitable and affectionate, it may well be said of this princess that her royal crown fairly glistens with virtues, and no wonder that she is loved at the court of Madrid. In times of sorrow the Infanta has been the greatest consolation, and now, in these days of glory, when all the nations of the Old World join the countries of America at La Rabida, Palos, Madrid, New York, and Chicago to honor Columbus and Spain, the discovering nation, she is one of the most prominent figures of her time, of whom Spain is proud.

It is on this account, undoubtedly, that we hear she has been chosen to represent the King and Queen of Spain at the World's Columbian Exposition.

The coming of the Infanta, who bears the same name as the great Queen who is equally a glory of America and of Spain, will be highly appreciated by the American people. They will welcome and receive her as she deserves, being fully alive to the great honor done to them by the Queen Regent of Spain in sending such a distinguished and beloved princess to represent her in the greatest celebration of the nineteenth century.



Prince Ferdinand of Roumania. Prince Hohenzollern. Duke of Edinburgh.
Princess Marie of Edinburgh. Duchess of Edinburgh. King of Roumania.

THE ROYAL WEDDING IN EUROPE—PORTRAITS OF THE CONTRACTING FAMILIES.—[SEE PAGE 43.]
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL & SONS, LONDON.

LIFE AND DEATH.

WHAT'S for the babe?
Why, mother's eyes,
Twin patches of those summer skies
That beamed on him in Paradise.

What's for the child?
With fays to skip,
To taste the honeysuckles' lip—
The butterfly's companionship.

What's for the boy?
The haunted wold,
The squirrel's nest in leafy hold,
The rainbow's fabled pot of gold.

What's for the youth?
To dream of fame,
In shifting sand to write his name,
With sighs to fan a passion's flame.

What's for the man?
Courage to bear
The load of wisdom and of care,
And some true heart its weight to share.

And what's for age?
Pain's prison bars,
Comfort that every trifle mars,
Dimness and fear—and then the stars!

GEORGE HORTON.

SYRUP of FIGS.

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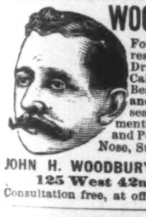

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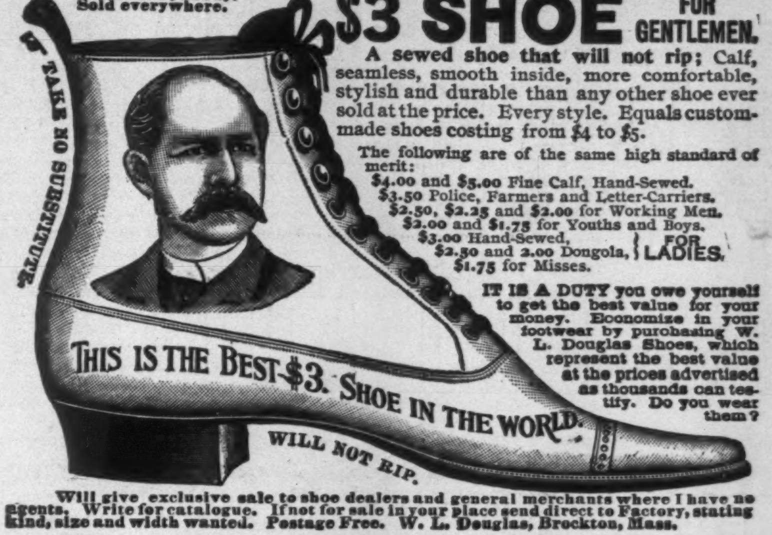
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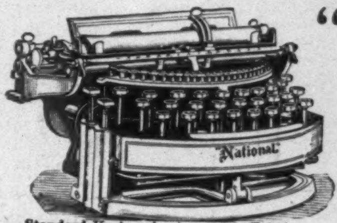

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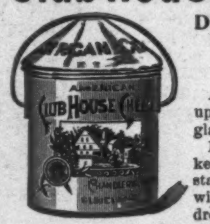

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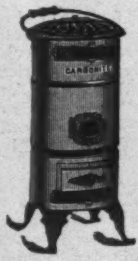

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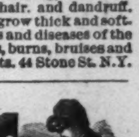

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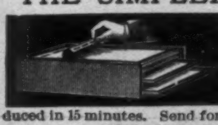

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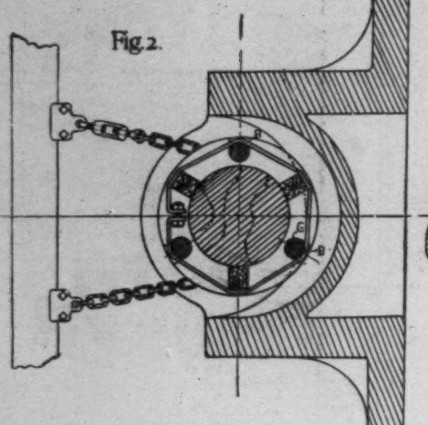


Fig.2.

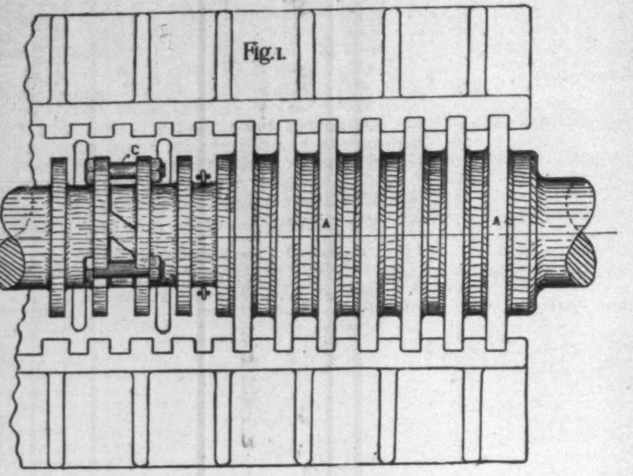


Fig.1.

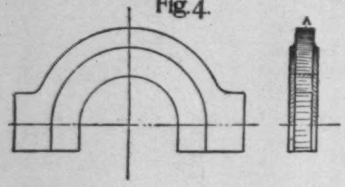


Fig.4.

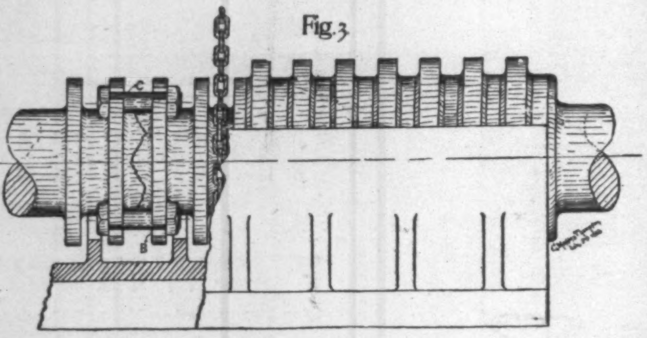


Fig.3.

THE BROKEN SHAFT ON STEAMSHIP "UMBRIA."

The fracture in this shaft occurred in what is known as a thrust bearing. This is a large, massive, boxlike casting, firmly secured to the keel or sides of the ship, through which the propelling shaft of the engine works. Surrounding the shaft are fourteen rings, or collars, the function of which is to receive what is known as a thrust block between them. These blocks are shown in drawing Fig. 1, and marked A, one of which has been removed and shown in drawing marked Fig. 4.

It will readily be seen in the main drawing that these thrust blocks surround the shaft, allowing it to turn freely within them, and also that the ends of these blocks are loosely dovetailed into the boxlike casting of the thrust bearing. As the shaft revolves, turning the propeller on the outside of the ship, a lateral thrust will be given to this shaft, and were it not for the thrust blocks, the shaft would force itself into the vessel with a parallel motion to the keel; but the thrust blocks, taking this motion, transfers the same to the vessel, and in that way propels it forward.

From an engineer's point of view the fracture in this shaft is a very peculiar one, evidently produced by a twisting strain. The fracture is a compound one, running in two different directions. The engineer of the *Umbria*, in making temporary repairs to this shaft, displayed great ingenuity in utilizing the two flanges, or collars, which surround the shaft on either side of the fracture. He caused two U-shaped pockets or openings to be cut into the flanges, shown in Fig. 2 at B, opposite each other, three pairs in all, equal distances apart. These openings were large enough to take a large bolt (C, Fig. 1) six inches in diameter, having a nut on one end and a head on the other. In this way the two flanges were screwed up together, thereby keeping the shaft from parting longitudinally. To keep the bolts from working out by centrifugal force, the engineer provided a strap around the shaft between the flanges, which firmly strapped in the bolts in their position. To do this it was also necessary to place blocks of wood between each of the bolts, as shown in Fig. 2, to support the band in position to give a firm bearing on each of the bolts.

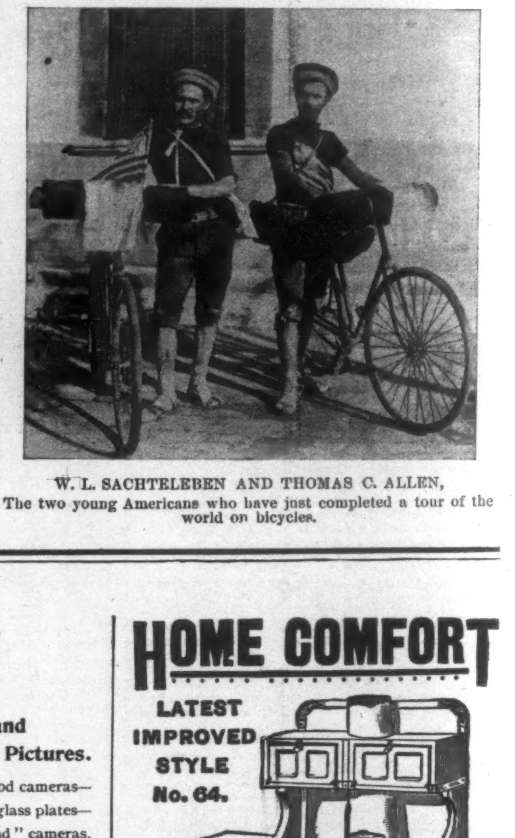
ROUND THE WORLD ON BICYCLES.

Two young men, W. L. Sachteleben, of Alton, Illinois, and Thomas C. Allen, of Ferguson, Missouri, have just completed a tour of the world on bicycles; that is, they rode their wheels where the physical conditions of the earth made it possible, wholly regardless of political divisions or alien and combative people. They started on their tour in June, 1890, and reached San Francisco homeward bound in the latter part of December, 1892. From Liverpool, where the bicycles were purchased, the travellers covered the British Isles, the Continent, journeying unto Athens and Constantinople. They reached the top of Mount Ararat on a Fourth of July (it is not stated that bicycles were used on this occasion), and after firing pistols and waving the American flag, made the descent in safety, and were dined by the Governor of Bayazid. Through Persia and Turkey in Asia the young men wheeled along camel-paths. Remaining six months in Turkestan, they studied the Russian language, and then ventured upon Russian territory, where they were very kindly received.

After this came China. Kind friends endeavored to dissuade them, but holding a passport from the Chinese Minister in London, they were resolved to attempt the trip. They did so; and the English correspondent of the *North China Daily News*, writing from Tien-Tsin, together with a writer in the *N. C. Herald and the S. C. and C. Gazette*, gave wonderful and amusing accounts of the journey. The familiarity with the "American language" and customs exhibited by these writers is such as *Punch* gave evidence of thirty years ago. It is simply beautiful. They started, according to the *North China Daily News* correspondent, "slick around the world, I guess," and did "the whole thing in the style which *Punch* called 'sommut on top o' nothing.'" But notwithstanding all this, the tourists had a great time, and achieved much. They had many narrow escapes in the country of the Celestials, and "had to fight for their vehicles often, and once or twice had to stand with their backs to the wall and point their six-holed Colorado logic at the mob," says the journalist at Tien-Tsin, presumably referring to the weapons the travellers bore. These two Americans covered more than 3000 miles through a portion of China not visited by tourists. The officials were courteous to them, and sometimes they were furnished with a quartet of soldiers as a guard through dangerous parts of the country. But on a good road the riders generally left the guard behind, and ran their chances of being robbed and murdered.

The travellers excited a great deal of interest, and "it was a regular cram," remarks the *N. C. Herald*, etc., falling into "American." Their entry into Peking was amusing, being attired as represented in the photograph. Their legs were bare, from the ankles to the knees. Hats such as worn by believers in the Prophet covered their heads, and Chinese sandals bound their feet. Two pairs of Russian stockings were in their outfit, but they were worn on state occasions only. The machines also showed signs of travel and hard usage, the hind leg of a mule in Asia Minor having had a disastrous effect upon one. In Tien-Tsin, after leaving Peking, they were summoned by the Viceroy Li Hung-Chang, "who, remarking that 'a scholar should be courteous to scholars,' received them well."

They then visited a portion of Japan, but being summoned home, sailed on December 9th. The literary gentleman in Tien-Tsin remarks that the travellers "are of the sort who cannot be spoiled, and are a capital advertisement of the virtues of Young America. More modest, cheerful, and gallant young fellows never passed through this port." The completed record of the tour seems to bear this out.



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AMATEVR · SPORT

AFTER ALL THE TALK OF NEW YACHTS to be designed especially for the *America's* Cup trial races, it looks now as if the one ordered by Mr. Archibald Rogers and his syndicate of New York yachtsmen will be the only one to meet Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie.* It is little short of astonishing that no yacht is forth-coming from Boston, where the ambition of rival designers, if no other incentive, it would seem, should find a way and means for representation. The Bryant syndicate appears to have been talk only, and the Adams brothers do not consider the game worth the candle. It was certainly expected, when it became known we were positively to have an international race, that there would be at least three yachts in the preliminary races. No one believed all the wild rumors of boats to be built, but to come down to only one is something of a drop. It will rob the trial races of nearly all their interest, and make them, in comparison to those of former race years, extremely tame. On the other hand, it will act as somewhat of a handicap on the single defender not to undergo the tuning up necessarily gained in contests with one in her own class.

On the other hand, the *Valkyrie* is, if reports be true, going to have some good stiff work before she starts for this side, to say nothing of the trip across the Atlantic. The Prince of Wales's yacht will race against her, and William Fife, Jun., who designed the *Thistle*, is to be backed by a Scotch syndicate for a 90-tonner, 85 feet l. w. l.

It is safe to say Mr. Carroll's 85-footer will have plenty of work cut out for her when she goes abroad, and it is not unlikely that we shall have three British yachts in American waters in September, and an ocean race as a preliminary starter of the international sport.

IF THE SEASON DOES NOT ACT as the one two years ago, which came in like a lion and went out as the proverbial lamb, we shall have some of the best ice yachting in many a long year. All of the clubs have been preparing for racing, and there has been more or less of it on the Shrewsbury River, but the snow has prevented any good work. The North Shrewsbury River Club, in fact, has been very active, and hardly a day has gone by in the past ten that there has not been some local racing. As yet there has been no race for the Van Nostrand Cup, which this club holds and sets up as the championship trophy of America in opposition to the Challenge Pennant held by Mr. John A. Roosevelt's *Icicle.* The Orange Lake yachtsmen have already challenged Mr. Roosevelt, and a race will be had at the first opportunity. In the mean time no race has been called for the Van Nostrand Cup, for which the Orange men are also anxious to race.

The probabilities are that the race on the Hudson will be sailed first, and that the Shrewsbury yachtsmen will be sportsmen enough to give the Orange men time to get over to Red Bank with their yachts.

It is morally certain that there will be entries for the Challenge Pennant from the Orange Lake and Carthage Landing clubs, and the North Shrewsbury clubmen should also send up one of their cracks to compete against the Hudson River Ice Club's champion *Icicle.* This yacht of Mr. Roosevelt's is a flyer. She has won the pennant for three consecutive years, and last year beat the fastest time on record for twenty miles by over ten minutes, making it in 46 minutes 19 seconds. There is no reason why there should not be races for the Challenge Pennant, and also for the Van Nostrand Cup as well, but there is no question that the former must be recognized as the championship ice-yachting trophy of America.

THE FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS, which are to be held this year in Boston the first week in February, will furnish a most interesting competition between J. F. Bacon of Boston, and Moses Rubenstein, a brother of Louis. Neither George D. Phillips nor Louis Rubenstein will compete, both having retired, and there will be no one in the contest to approach Bacon and Moses Rubenstein. That the competition will be a heated one none will doubt who has followed figure skating the past couple of years. Bacon is a very trim-built little man, and extremely graceful; he skated in the championships last February, held at Hoboken, and ran Phillips very hard for first honors.

At the New England championships afterwards, Bacon met and defeated Moses R.—194 to 174 points—but there was a great deal of discussion over the fairness of the decision. At the Canadian championships in Victoria Rink, Montreal, a week later, the two again met, and this time Rubenstein was declared the winner—141 to Bacon's 121 points. Again there were charges of fraud, and the season really ended in a most unsatisfactory manner so far as these two men were concerned. When they meet in Boston next month it will be to decide which of the two is actually the more skilful, and it is to be hoped the National Amateur Skating Association will prevent a repetition of last year's disgraceful bickerings by providing judges that are recognized as competent and unprejudiced. And there should be at least one out-of-town judge, one with no New England or Canadian affiliations. Undoubtedly it is a very close thing between these two, but it should not be lost sight of by any one figuring on the outcome of the match, that Rubenstein has had the benefit of his brother's able coaching to prepare him for the contest, and that is no inconsiderable advantage.

THE SPEED-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS, which will also be held in Boston at the same time, appear to belong to the Newburgh boys. Between Howard P. Mosher, Elmer Simpson, and Jim Donoghue, a brother of Joe, there seems to be little left for any outsider, unless some phenomenon should be sprung on the community. Mosher last year finished second to Joe Donoghue in all four of the races—the quarter, mile, five, and ten miles. Jim Donoghue will be Mosher's closest competitor in the longer distance, but in the quarter, Simpson is as likely to win as any one of them—in fact, a little more so, for sprinting is his strong point.

It is a noticeable fact that of late years we have developed very few figure or speed skaters; we see the same men competing year after year, until they drop out and are replaced by another set that continues to hand down the tradition. There used to be dozens of skaters, where there is now one, in the old days of rinks. What with our erratic climate and changing fashions, the good old skating days seem to have gone, never to return.

THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION BOXING AND WRESTLING championships turned out a sorry lot of champions.

Boxing has made no advance among this class of men; it is the same old hit or miss windmill business, and this year was not even good fighting. With the exception of Horton, 125-pound class, not a man boxed through three rounds in any kind of form. Leeds, 135 pounds, is clever and has form, but he won on a foul before the first round was half over. The decision in the middle-weight class was very bad. Wilson, who met Horton, should make a good man.

As for the wrestling, there were two couple—Moneypenny and Bertsch, bantam, and Klund and Troelsch, 125 pounds, that appeared to know something of the game; the others were of the main strength and awkwardness quality. Two of the cleverest men entered were Keppler, 158 pounds, and Appleby, 135 pounds. The former was defeated in the trials by Osgood, the ex-Cornell football-player, who certainly looked considerably over 158. He has great strength, but little skill, shown by the ease with which he was thrown in the heavy-weight class. Appleby won his way to the finals, but did not compete.

The referee was very unsatisfactory, making an outrageous decision in the 125-pound class, and permitting men in trials to wrestle for twenty minutes.

A LETTER FROM A MEMBER of the University of Pennsylvania Graduate Advisory Athletic Committee explains more particularly the recent movement towards securing a graduate as financial secretary to the several athletic associations. The report came from Philadelphia that the U. of P. had "engaged a salaried manager, whose business will be to manage the various athletic teams," and as such was criticised in this department. Now they have decided to follow Yale's example of appointing, on salary, some responsible graduate to look after the financial affairs of the athletic associations that have grown out of the undergraduates' reach in the last few years. If this newly considered power in college athletics is to keep within his domain of finances, the movement is a good one, for the undergraduate managers have their time fully occupied now by the duties of their office. But the "financial secretary" must stay in the counting-room, and not attempt to extend his scope to the management of the team other than to such matters as may concern its financial welfare. The large sums of money handled each year by the college athletic associations make it advisable to have an older head to protect the undergraduates against the leeches who are ever ready to fasten themselves upon the inexperienced. That such a one should receive compensation is eminently proper; but he is not the "manager" of the teams, as he has been called, nor the individual we have criticised so strongly.

Harvard is about to take a similar step, and will also soon have a financial secretary. It is well that the undergraduates have the business end of athletics taken from their care; it will relieve them of much bother and worry. The boys should have only the sport to look after, while the elders care for the money end of it. Somehow it makes the sport cleaner not to be dickering over the dollars and sense part of it.

EVERY PACK OF HOUNDS from which we have heard furnished the very best of sport in the season just closed. The Dumblane pack has consolidated with the Geneseo, and as usual there have been fields of from 75 to 80 people not infrequently up Mr. Wadsworth's country. Indeed, the Geneseo people believe they have about the best sport on this side of the Atlantic, and they are not very far from right.

A club that dispute such a claim is the Radnor, near Philadelphia, where they hunt the wild fox only. Mr. Charles E. Mather, the Master, reports the best runs they have ever had, especially for the month of December. They keep going over there all winter on frozen ground, whilst other packs stop when the ground is hard. The Radnor lost its pack a couple of years ago by rabies, but it has proved to be a blessing in disguise, for the importations have turned out to be very fine.

The Essex County hounds have been greatly improved by the present Master, Charles Pfizer; the servants are all well dressed and superbly mounted, and with the addition of the Morristown contingent, the entire Hunt is more prosperous than ever. The prominent people in that section of New Jersey are in sympathy with the sport, and Hunt breakfasts of the most delightful description have been given every week during the autumn season.

MR. F. GRAY GRISWOLD'S HOUNDS (a private pack) have shown excellent sport, with larger following than usual, owing to the unfortunate interruptions at Meadow Brook, many of the latter club having hunted with Mr. Griswold.

The Meadow Brook Hunt has undoubtedly the best country and the most level, and the fastest pack of hounds, but the season has not been so good as usual, owing to the severe illness of a member of the Master's family, which has kept Mr. Hitchcock out of the field. This and one serious accident have made fewer runs than is customary, but the sport shown has been of the highest order. With the new year there comes the news of a possible change in the Mastership, and a renewal of the sport on a more enthusiastic order. It is very likely true that Mr. Hitchcock will relinquish the charge of the Meadow Brook Hounds, and if it be that Mr. Griswold is persuaded to accept the office, and consolidate his pack with that of the club's, there will be rare sport in store for the Meadow Brook men.

The gossip in the fake society column of a certain morning newspaper, that Mr. Hitchcock's resignation pleased the M. B. men, who did not like his appropriation of club hounds to his own use, was as unkind as it is untrue. To question Mr. Hitchcock's sportsmanship is to proclaim one's ignorance.

THE ROCKAWAY HOUNDS WERE NO SINECURE when they came into the hands of the present Master, and to say, therefore, that the pack has been successfully hunted and managed by Mr. John E. Cowdin is giving that gentleman much praise. The fields have not been especially large, though there has been some new blood, and good sport.

T. A. Havemeyer, Jun., has finished another very successful season with the Westchester Hounds. These hounds, as a matter of fact, have never been handled better than under the present Mastership. There is an abundance of good country within easy distance of the kennels, and its diversity is one of the greatest pleasures of a season with this pack. There is good riding in Westchester County, and plenty of sport for the asking.

Down on Staten Island Mr. Charles D. Freeman has been working away persistently on the Richmond County Hounds, and has furnished good sport to fields that are steadily growing. Mr. Freeman has had the disadvantage of having little or no cross-country material from which to recruit riders; but there has been great improvement in the past season, and the pack has run in good form.

The Dutchess County Hounds have been hunted by Archibald Rogers and Samuel Colgate, and furnished good sport for the small but enthusiastic fields in that section.

A very decided departure has been made in Westchester County by Mr. William E. Iselin, who has established a pack of beagles, and promises to show most popular sport. The country is now being stocked with the Western jack-rabbits and with hares imported from England. There is much impatience in Westchester for the opening of the season.

Summing it all up, it may easily be declared that the sport furnished has been better and the fields generally larger than in previous years. The prolonged mild autumn weather helped matters greatly. As Long Island is the only section where the going is suitable for a spring season, the enthusiastic men of other Hunts have declared their intention of locating on Long Island for the coming spring season.

AS THE HUNT CLUBS FURNISH also our polo players, there is no dearth of interesting subjects to discuss even with the "beautiful" covering the ground in our vicinity. Nothing has been heard yet from Foxhall Keene on the prospects of English polo players coming over this year. Last season Mr. Keene made a similar attempt, and was unsuccessful; but it is not at all unlikely the World's Fair may prove to be a drawing card, even should all other persuasion fail. One thing is certain if the Englishmen do come, and that is we shall give them something of a surprise party in our play. When they visited us before, our game was crude compared to it now, and yet we were able to make a desperate though a losing battle. There should be a modification of the Englishmen's rules, so that hooking-mallets and off-side play, both of which are permissible in their game, be eliminated.

Last season was a very successful one in the history of American polo, more men playing and a greater number of ponies being used than ever before. Several new clubs were formed during the season, and it is especially gratifying to note that one of them was at St. Louis, Missouri. There are already unattached polo teams in several widely separated sections of the United States, and the growth of the game is further emphasized by the many individual players who may be found in a half-dozen States knocking the ball around where a year ago the game had hardly been heard of. The old impression that none save a wealthy man can indulge in polo is very properly dying out. Of course, to play in the class with our crack Eastern teams it takes several of the best ponies attainable; but for any one outside of the championship circuit, one pony will furnish plenty of sport, and in the West a pony may be purchased for less than $100. The same pony when he reaches the Atlantic sea-board fetches from $150 to $300.

There are thirteen clubs in the Association, with 163 members and 670 ponies.

ALTHOUGH RATHER LATE TO COMMENT on football, the great progress of the game in the West makes the recent match at San Francisco between the Stanford and Berkeley universities a matter of interest throughout the country even at this late date. We of the East are apt to imagine a game in California as being rather crude, and the spectators no more than would comfortably fill a back lot. It will surprise most readers, therefore, when it is said that this Stanford-Berkeley game would have been creditable to most of our Eastern teams.

The spectators numbered about 15,000, and were a typical football gathering, made up, as we see at our great games here, of the best people. And they witnessed a struggle worthy their attention. The style of play of the two teams was essentially dissimilar, but each showed exceptional skill along its own lines. The play of the Stanford team was more varied, and depended almost entirely upon assaulting the enemy's line at unexpected points—double passing and long end runs. Berkeley, on the other hand, made their gains by short but repeated plunges into the lighter line of their antagonists, and forcing them slowly but steadily backward until the goal-line was reached. Neither team understood the use of the punt as a measure of defense or offense. The Stanford men outclassed the Berkeley team throughout the first half, but in the second half the superior strength of the latter team was made manifest.

THE GAME RESULTED IN A TIE, each side securing two touch-downs and converting but one of the two into a goal. Taylor's kicks were very difficult ones, as both were made from punt-outs from well over toward the corner, but Kennedy of the Stanfords had both his touch-downs directly behind the goal, and should easily have made both.

Henry and Hunt of the Berkeleys are men who deserve especial comment, the former being an end of remarkable sprinting ability, and the latter a line-bucking half of well over 180 pounds, who strikes hard every time, and can repeat as often as called upon. In the line Foulks was the best of the Berkeleys, although their heavy centre three swept their men back well.

Clemans and Walton, the two half backs of Stanford, did the double pass cleverly, and the former is the strongest running half on the coast to-day for general work. He has a peculiar way of tossing the would-be tackler with his head, exactly as a bull would use his horns, and although being rather slight, and weighing only 155 pounds, his neck seems made of steel.

The stamp of the two Yale coachers was plain upon both teams, for there were the spring and dash (all the more noticeable, perhaps, because some of the individual work was crude), and the power to brace, which have become traditional at New Haven. That the match has given football a wonderful start upon the coast is certain, and it will not be long before we shall see some interchange of courtesies between the Atlantic and Pacific in football.

THE WRITER OF THIS DEPARTMENT has many times, I have no doubt, been voted a crank for his persistent hammering away at all things calculated to lower the amateur standard in athletics. He is willing to be called a crank if only the good cause profit thereby. The condition of amateur athletics has been dark indeed the last two years; but a cloud appears to have broken away just at this time, and shown its silver lining to the workers for sport for sport's sake. To the good hard work of Mr. William B. Curtis we are indebted very largely for the casting out of the "amachoor" scrapper, who feasted on the fat of the land so long, masquerading as an amateur; the whitewashing of penitent professionals has been stopped, and all attempts to raise the value of prizes futile. Now the news comes that the Manhattan Athletic Club will no longer support their athletes.

Running back over the changes for the better, it is astounding to note how little the A. A. U. has actually done; as a body the A. A. U. simply sits lazily nodding at all the infractions of the amateur ruling, and waits for some one else to clutch the guilty. CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

"HOW WOMEN SHOULD RIDE."—BY "C. DE HURST."—ILLUSTRATED.—PRICE, $1 25.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.